

AUSTRALIANS YET
AND OTHER VERSES

GRANT HERVEY



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AUSTRALIANS YET





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YET

AND OTHER VERSES

By
GRANT HERVEY

MELBOURNE
THOMAS C. LOTHIAN

1913

PRINTED IN ENGLAND

Printed by Butler & Tanner, Frome and London

PR
9619.3
H445a

To
JAMES EDMOND

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1361946

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

OF the verses contained in this first instalment of my Big-Australian message, the greater number originally appeared in the *Bulletin*. Others are reprinted from the *Lone Hand*, Sydney ; the *Sun*, Kalgoorlie ; *Steele Rudd's Magazine*, Brisbane ; the *Spectator*, Perth ; the *Red Funnel Magazine*, New Zealand, and *Australia Junior*, W.A.

"Australia," in which I have endeavoured to set forth the national feeling of this Commonwealth towards the Old World, now appears for the first time.

Personally, I desire to express my heartiest thanks to Messrs. J. F. Archibald, A. G. Stephens, A. H. Davis, Captain Whitehead, C. W. Andree Hayward, J. J. Simons, and other Australian editors. Through their kindness the following ballads of Manhood, Work, Good Cheer, Mateship, Masculine Vigour and Nationalism—although I know their technical faults are many—have already obtained a wide Australian hearing.

May all good friends of Australia prosper !

GRANT HERVEY.

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AUSTRALIANS YET

I SAW a Track shine out across
The weariness and strife,
And on it marched a Band that was
The Vanguard of our Life.

A small but loyal troop of men,
With shining eyes and souls,
That left the western gaol-pen
For Freedom's far, white goals.

They were our Nation's pioneers—
The star-lift of our day ;
Within their straining hearts and ears
There rang the Call : " AWAY ! "

" Away, beyond the shackling Laws ;
Beyond the empire-crest,
Away, *away*, AWAY—your Cause
Lies Eastward—curse the West ! "

A small, great-hearted band it was—
A troop of marching men ;
They bore the dear, gum-fashion'd Cross—
There were Australians then !

They were our country's Pioneers,
The warriors in advance,
And were—by Faith's own royal tears—
The first Australians !

West, where the sinking ships go down,
Like plummet-souls to sleep,
Their vanguard hearts refused to drown
Within the turgid deep.

Adown the track their spirits strode
Unto the gleaming East.
A turn . . . a bend within the road—
The stars, and Freedom's feast !

They knelt before this god with lips
A-tremble in the light
Of suns that drowned in red eclipse
The dull grey moons of Night.

They knelt, as I who write shall kneel,
As ye who read shall, too,
One hand upon the blood-marked steel,
One filled with faded Rue.

One god there is in all the host
Worth bend of true man's knee,

And East he holds his Pentecost—
My god of Liberty !

With pains and woes and many tears
Ye say the Road is set ?—
I see a track blazed down the Years,
We'll be Australians yet !

UPON THE HILLS

THERE is a nobler, purer air
 Upon the Hills ;
An atmosphere—a breath so rare
 My being thrills
 With the delights of living !
There is no rancour and no strife—
 No malice here ;
One borders on the better life
 Where strong wills steer
 Past doubting and misgiving.
The noble gums sway down their heads—
 To me they murmur gravely ;
The spiders spin their fairy threads,
 And loop their grass-stalks bravely ;
And I—I think what I should think—
 Of purest patriotism ;
Australia's own warm breath I drink—
 Afar from sham and schism !

The rivers wind them back and forth,
 And breezes blow
Out of the balmy, tree-topped north,
 And then I know
 How grand a country mine is

The essence of the Bush instils
A hope that I
May sleep for aye upon these hills
When last I die,
And have my humble *finis*.
Australia's heart is beating here—
O gracious land of glory ;
Her mighty soul is pulsing clear
Upon this promontory.
Here at his ease a man might sleep
Within her bosom vernal—
And hear her life-blood throbbing deep !—
And take his rest eternal.

O land of mine I do aspire,
Each living day,
To catch your cadences of fire
In some swift way,
And be your chiefest singer
You need an arch-interpreter—
Born of the soil—
To carry your sweet voice of myrrh
To those who toil,
Yet you your message linger.
There is a stirring in the heart
Of those born of your passion ;
O that I had the minstrel art
To stir them in some fashion !

I'd waken all the dormant love
Of country hidden in them ;
Gum-boughs that sing and sway above—
Give me the power to win them !

Upon the hills I sing a song
That some may hear
In some far city's distant throng
Or other where,
And set their true hearts beating
For her, our Mother of the Bush,
Serene and grand—
The goddess of the great hills' hush—
Our own dear land,
Who sends her children greeting !
Upon the hills I sing a song—
Straight from the heart it gushes,
Like some vast river swift and strong
From its deep source it rushes.
I sing the song of liberty—
The song Australia tells me
To send from these far hills to ye—
As loyalty impels me !

THE GODS AND THE GIRLS

THERE'S a toast that has waited proposing
Since the first wine was pressed from the grape ;
'Tis a toast better far than the prosing
Of the King and the Crown and the Crape !
There's a pledge fit for men waits a drinking—
'Tis a toast set with bright eyes and curls ;
Set the hearts and the glass-rims a-clinking—
Fill them up !—*To the Gods and the Girls !*

'Tis a toast for a man's heart to cherish,
'Tis a pledge for a true soul to sing ;
It's a toast good to drink till we perish
And the arms cease to clasp and to cling !
'Tis a toast for the strong and the loyal—
Who refuse it are outcasts and churls ;
'Tis a hail to the ones truly royal—
So we drink to the Gods and the Girls.

Set a foot on the chair and the table,
Bring the best spidered wine in the bins ;
Now a cheer that shall half lift the gable—
Thank the Gods one and all for our sins !

For we owe them to Bacchus and Cupid—
They invented our vices, our pearls ;
Man without them is muddy and stupid—
Ho ! we drink to the Gods and the Girls !

'Tis a toast to the twin founts of pleasure—
A libation to Jove and to Love ;
'Tis a toast for the vine's purplest measure,
Poured out to the good Gods above.
He who drinks not is base and a varlet,
So we drain to Sweet Life as it whirls ;
Fill them now with a liquor of scarlet—
Long life to the Gods—and the Girls !

THE NIGHT I SPENT IN QUOD

I SPENT a night in Quod last year—in plain, unvarnished Quod ;
And I shall marshal swiftly here the myriad thoughts which trod
Across my brain that dragging night, behind the bolts and bars—
Behind the door which hid from sight my valued friends, the stars !
The world went by in grim review—for from that quiet cell
Had marched a motley, nameless crew—I seemed to know them well.
They all came back and sat with me, those shadow-felons odd ;
And there we held grey company, the night I spent in Quod !

With sunken eyes and shoulders bent, the pallid legion sat ;
All hopeless and impenitent—the scum of Fortune's vat.
They spoke no word, but on their souls the vivid cyphers burned ;
I scanned the blazing, fateful rolls, and knew how much they spurned

10 THE NIGHT I SPENT IN QUOD

The plastic lies and sophistries which wrap the
lives of men—

The paltry, pale theologies, diluted ten times
ten !

I laughed at Churchianity ; how cheap the par-
son's God

Among those wrecks appeared to be—the night
I spent in Quod.

I spoke my thoughts aloud, and one gave forth a
bitter cry ;

“ I was,” he said, “ in days long gone, a pilot to
the sky.

I guided souls across a sea which I had never
crossed—

That Gulf of Grim Adversity, where many men
are lost !

I stood upon the wharf—I waved directions from
the shore ;

And I concluded all were saved, for they returned
no more.

But once I ventured—once I steered ”——the voice
of Ichabod

Reverberated sad and weird, the night I spent in
Quod !

Another shadow lifted high his puny, shaking
paw ;

“ And I,” he said, “ in years gone by, I made the precious Law.

I tabulated punishments—I made a bitter code
For those who dwell in Ishmael’s tents and go the devil’s road.

I swore that I would conquer crime—that I would shelter pelf ;

Behold the ghastly jest of Time—where am I now myself ?

Where am I now ? ” he cried again. “ The chains my soul corrode ”—

I saw a shoreless sea of pain that night I spent in Quod !

And yet another hoarsely cried—his voice was like a scar ;

“ And I stood on the further side—was not as others are ;

I was the Upright Citizen—Respectability

And all the high Commandments Ten were typified in me !

The siren voice of Self-Esteem made music in my breast—

Whene’er I crossed life’s turbid stream that voice shut out the rest !

I only thought of Mine and Me—I patronized my God ”—

I saw a foundered Pharisee the night I spent in
Quod !

The others sat with burning eyes—the voiceless
multitude

Whose unarticulated Whys in flaming symbols
stood.

I spoke for them, and said : “ Behold ! What
think ye now of these

Whom ye sent forth in days of old to cross un-
charted seas ?

For these ye made your bitter codes, for these ye
made the laws ;

They tramp alway the evil roads of vice and crime
because

Their fathers’ blood is in their veins—their fathers’
ways they plod.”

I called the Three the Sons of Cain—that night
I spent in Quod !

“ Aye, ye are Cains, ye Three,” I said. “ Ye
regulated well

The great machine which surely sped these others
into Hell.

The parson and the Pharisee, the man who made
the laws ;

The ushers of eternity—ye are effect and cause !

Go now and lead these brothers hence, to what
they ought to be—

God's surplus of omnipotence is rotting use-
lessly ! ”

They rose and left me in my cell—like phantoms
grey they trod ;

A slender ray of sunshine fell, and it was dawn in
Quod !

BALLAD OF THE DRUMS

Lo ! the thresher-drums are booming 'mid the hills
at early morning—

'Tis the wheat that's rolling mill-ward in a
tawny, yellow stream !

Near the dawn our engine-whistles give their hasty
toots of warning,

And the sheaves fly from the stack-tops as our
pitchforks flash and gleam !

Marching down the teeming valley of the winding
Wannon River—

Marching down upon the harvest that is waiting
for our tread ;

Ho ! our threshers lift their drum-notes when the
heat-rays dance and quiver—

Aye ! our drums throb on like thunder when
the sun flames overhead !

Hear the music—roaring music that our rolling
drums are playing—

'Tis the Anthem of a Nation that is marching
bravely on !

In mine ear the roaring threshers are forever
grandly saying :

“ March ! Australians—fight and conquer—care
is dead, and fear is gone ! ”

As I tend my rocking engine all the world rolls on
in glory—

Lo ! the pistons and the fly-wheel sing a splendid
marching song ;

Aye they tell me that my country shall be famous
yet in story—

For the wheat shall raise up Workers for the
Nation stout and strong !

Ho ! my “ blues ” may be all oily, but I feel a
king, right royal—

And my oil-can is a sceptre that controls the
mighty earth !

Lo ! I thresh the food for millions—for the millions
true and loyal—

And my hand hath fed the people in the days
of drought and dearth !

There are kingships waiting for you on the thresher
decks, my brothers—

Yea, the thresher deck were better than a
crumbling, effete Throne ;

They are kings who flail the wheat out to sustain
the hungry others—

And the drums extol our kingship in a roaring,
major tone !

We are kings who rule in earnest—lo ! the mills are
waiting for us—

We control the vastest kingdom that the world
has ever seen ;
All the world strains for the music that we thunder
forth in chorus—
For it lives upon the substance that we sweaty
monarchs glean !
Better far to rule in denim than to rot in purple
vestures—
Aye, the wheat-stacks left behind us are the
Symbol of our might.
Let the politicians wrangle—let them make their
signs and gestures—
For the men who feed the people are the kings
in solid right !

*Lo ! the thresher-drums are booming 'mid the hills
at early morning—
'Tis the Wheat that's rolling mill-ward in a tawny,
yellow stream !
Near the dawn our engine-whistles give their hasty
toots of warning,
And the sheaves fly from the stack-tops as our
pitchforks flash and gleam !
Marching down the teeming valley of the winding
Wannon River—
Marching down upon the Harvest that is waiting
for our tread ;*

*Ho ! our threshers lift their drum-notes when the
heat-rays dance and quiver—*

*Aye ! our Drums throb on like thunder when the
sun flames overhead !*

FIVE YEARS

I NEVER see a woman, save
To look upon and love her—
When I am hidden in my grave
I'll wake when girls pass over.
When ladies tread
The earth o'erhead
I'll stir once more my tomb in.
Ah ! pity me,
Ye people free—
I never see
A Woman !

I never see a girl go by,
With cheeks like stolen roses ;
No sun-rise lip or laughing eye
My prison-wall encloses.
These three years gone
I've lingered on,
This stony box of doom in ;
And earnestly,
For long years three,
I've prayed to see
A Woman !

No high-heeled shoes of black or tan
Trip 'neath our barren gateway ;
No scented hair or jewelled fan—
These things are off a great way.
These two years more
My body sore
Must dwell this arid gloom in.
Ah ! pity me,
Ye lovers free—
I never see
A Woman !

MULGA-LAND

*LAND of stars and stunted gum, where the crawling
camels come*

*To the "soaks" at night, like phantoms freighted
down with pain and woe ;*

*Land of lustre and of love, where the meteors march
above,*

*Like a band of constellations lamping Venus to her
home !*

'Tis a land where men lived lives—coddled not
with homes and wives—

'Tis a land of desert places and of dawn-lifts
grimly grand ;

'Tis a land where strong men toil in the golden-
hearted soil

With begrimed and dusty faces all, a brown
heroic band.

I have seen the Yilgarn coach through red seas of
heat approach ;

I have seen the grim dry-blowers tramping store-
ward for their mail ;

I have heard the driver swear while the red dust
clogged the air

And hung o'er the dim horizon like a crimson
battle-veil.

I have heard the ball-mills roar, I have watched
the skips of ore
Flying upward to the platforms o'er the dumps at
Golden Gate ;
I have sharpened picks and drills in the red
Westralian hills,
And I've heard the stamps in chorus when the
night waxed tired and late.

Ah ! the music that they made—it was like a
cannonade
As the cams turned on serenely and the shoes
came crashing down !
There's a spirit dwelling there that bids men do
and dare,
In that glowing land of glory where all things are
big and brown.

Ha ! the strong, great-hearted men—men who
toiled with pick and pen—
Who shall count the stalwart heroes in their far
Westralian graves ?
They were big and they were strong—symbolistic
of the throng

Where the roasters drip the ore-dust that the
 'malgamator craves.

Yanks, Australians, Germans, Swedes—doers all
 of daring deeds—

Men whose hearts were mighty engines beating
 bravely to the last ;

Men who faced the desert brown, men who spurned
 the paltry town—

Men whose souls will drive through ether till the
 last long trumpet-blast !

Ha ! the life ! the life ! the life ! it was red and
 strong and rife ;

'Twas no place for fops or weaklings, unctuous,
 polite, and bland ;

Hagar's children one and all—pearls the desert
 held in thrall—

Ay, the Ishmaels led the legions to the heart of
 Mulga-land !

Now electric fans are whirring where the Hannans
 crowds were stirring—

There are tram-cars on the Boulder and along the
 Golden Mile ;

Lo ! the locomotive urges past Binduli and Mount
 Burgess—

Where the camels once tramped slowly in a long,
clay-coloured file.

The explorers are forgotten—ay, the bones of
some are rotten—

But one breathes their strength and spirit in the
wild Westralian air ;

There's a something half immortal that Westralia
throws athwart all—

There's a something more than mirage in the
dawn's red-shrouded glare.

Bayley knew it, Bayley felt it—ay, the blazing
roasters smelt it—

In the telluride it's hidden—it's within the diorite ;
You can feel it in the camps clustered round the
Boulder ramps—

I have known it 'yond Kalgoorlie when the stampers
shook the night.

When the stamps are sounding shrill—when the
white stars watch the mill—

Then Westralia walks incarnate, with a firm,
right royal tread ;

It is she who leads the brave to their fortune—or
the grave—

And the Gods have bound the planets for a symbol
round her head !

IN PRAISE OF CHILDREN

GIVE me the kids for comrades—I'm tired of
politicians,

I'm weary of the wantons, and hard-eyed men
of trade ;

Call in a troop of children—dear, golden-haired
magicians,

Whose hearts are yet with Nature—whose souls
are white-arrayed.

Give me the glad-eyed children. I am their friend
forever,

Aye, hand in hand I'd lead them across the
shining stars ;

I'm weary of cold Mammon—the people harshly
clever,

Who draw their inspiration from turgid whisky-
jars.

Here in the Bush I'd wander, with children's
fingers clasping—

With children's hands so tender laid trustfully
in mine.

Give me the kids for comrades—I'll cease my
worldly grasping—

Their hearts shall be my mansion, their souls
shall be my shrine.

I love their sinless faces and all their happy
laughter—

My heart and soul grieve always at sight of
children's tears,

I'll march me down the world-ways, and fear no
grim Hereafter,

If children's hearts go with me across the field
of years.

My hopes lie in the youngsters—the legions of
To-morrow,

The pure-eyed, coming cohorts, who clasp my
hands to-day ;

Together we shall conquer—shall rid the world of
sorrow—

Aye, souls unborn shall help us to clear the
world's sad way !

My troops shall close around me—the troops ye
take no thought of—

A mighty host to-morrow these baby souls shall
be ;

We'll show the laggard legion what stuff our hearts
are wrought of—

We'll roll the world on bravely towards Eternity !

I love their vivid voices and all their faith and
fairness—

I ask no greater tribute than children's simple
trust,

Their love is all I ask for—bow down before its
rareness—

Would that its light might jewel the haggard
eyes of lust.

Their love has all the fragrance of tender-petalled
flowers ;

Their lips, like op'ning roses, breathe happiness
and love ;

Their smiles blot out the sadness of all life's bygone
hours—

Whene'er a baby blossoms, a star goes out
above !

*Here in the Bush I'd wander, with children's fingers
clasping—*

*With children's hands so tender laid trustfully in
mine.*

*Give me the kids for comrades—I'll cease my worldly
grasping—*

*Their hearts shall be my mansion, their souls shall
be my shrine.*

“ THE MAN YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN ”

THERE'S a fearsome lot of pages filled by pessimistic
sages—

Men who sing glad songs no longer, but deplore
the festive scene ;

And these scribes are all explaining, like a grey
sky when it's raining,

What very wondrous characters they really might
have been.

It was Drink, they say, that did it ; but I'm game
to bet a quid it

Was a sort of spinal sinkage that wrought all the
grievous work ;

And opine that every writer should remain a
cheerful fighter—

He should be a gladsome mixture of the Devil
and the Turk !

What's the use of dismal whinings ?—fit your soul
with cast-steel linings—

Turn your face toward your troubles and untwist
their tangled skein ;

Fix a cheerful eye upon it, write no tearful, sodden
sonnet,

And, for Satan's sake, don't maunder *re* the
“ Man You Might Have Been ! ”

It's the Man You'll Be that matters, though you
tramp around in tatters,
But the road to fame and fortune isn't paved with
grief and beer ;
It is paved with grim endeavour—you must make
it now or never,
Disregarding puny insects who arise at times and
sneer !
Let your pale obituary in the pathless future
tarry—
Don't announce that you're a failure till you're
quite completely dead ;
Let some other person curse you—when you're
riding in the hearse, you
Can depend they'll speak your epitaph above your
grassy bed.
While there's life there's hope, remember—sedu-
lously fan that ember—
You may make a bigger blaze yet than the world
has ever seen ;
Dig your claws in, scratch grim gravel—make the
chips and splinters travel—
But prevent your mind from dwelling on the
"Man You Might Have Been !"

Glue your thoughts upon the future—like the
bull-ant, you must root your

Path toward the distant object where your heart's
ambition lies ;

Cut the cords of sloth that bind you ; throw the
useless doubts behind you—

Graft like all Gehenna's forces published in one
human guise !

Are you hopeless, are you sodden, are you coinless
and downtrodden ?—

On the affluent tide of triumph you may roll
exalted yet ;

But you won't get there by wailing ; if you're
beer-logged, get to baling—

For success is only captured by the brain's em-
phatic sweat !

That's the secret, that the gist o' 't—if you want
to make a fist o' 't.

You must march with steadfast purpose towards
the final victory ;

What you “ Might Have Been ” is nothing—heave
despair away with loathing—

*Keep your eye fixed on the features of the Man
You're Going to Be !*

THE NEED FOR MEN

THE world needs Men—the world needs earnest
fighters,
Strong men endowed with granite wills ;
The world needs scribes—needs grim, defiant
writers
Whose ink like boiling lava spills.
Too long we bow to charlatans and pandars—
Too long we commerce with buffoons ;
CÆSARS we need, and fiery ALEXANDERS—
A band of resolute dragoons
To charge the ranks of sophistry and error,
To lay all lies and liars low ;
A cohort that shall strike eternal terror
In each disciple of Yes-No.

The world needs Men—the world needs mighty
Preachers
To draw mankind to surer goals ;
The world needs Prophets—needs new Seers and
Teachers.
Men's bodies are incarnate souls.
Grey catalogues of saints avail them little—
Why proffer hands they cannot clutch ?

The faiths of yore are clammy, cold and brittle—
They crumble 'neath the eager touch.
Give us a Faith—a faith in this Existence—
Give us a Heaven here below ;
We weary of the mirage in the distance,
We sicken of the vain Yes-No !

The world needs Men—not Mountebanks and
Jesters—
Not Pimps and pliant-conscienced Knaves ;
Wrong rankles still—malignantly it festers,
And all the earth is full of graves ;
The world needs Men—Oh, don't you hear it
asking ?
The world needs you—it needs you Now.
The world needs Men to set them to their tasking,
Behind the potent era-plough ;
The world needs us—it calls us to our labour—
The world needs US, and we must go ;
And we must work—must draw the mighty sabre
Against the Yes that is mostly No.

A VAGABOND HEART

THERE are vagabond lovers a-wander
Out there where the stars seem to ponder,
 As they shine in the sky's curving dome ;
There are hearts that have strayed from their
 keepers,
There are watchers, and waiters, and weepers,
 Who repeat in their breasts, " He will come ! "
And there's joy, and lip-lifting, and gladness—
O, there's ending of tearflow and sadness—
 When a Vagabond Heart cometh home !

When a heart cometh back from the far world
There's a flush and a gleam in the star world,
 And the winds murmur soft in the gloam.
And the fern-fronds and trees grow them greener—
O, the creek babbles onward serener
 When an old face returns from the foam !
There's a shining of eyes and a glisten ;
O, the flowers seem to sing if you listen
 When a Vagabond Heart cometh home !

GOING BLIND

Is this the end of every hope,
Of all the plans I made,
To shut mine eyes and sadly grope
Through life in gloom arrayed ?
No more to see the shining stars,
No more to see the sun ;
My cry goes up to Heaven's bars :
“ What have I done ? ”

No more to see the holy flowers,
The violet and the rose ;
No more to see the Spring's glad showers—
The joy of living goes !
No more to see the face of Love,
Of my most-treasured one !
O ! hear my cry, thou God above :
“ What have I done ? ”

No more to see her shining eyes,
No more to see her face ;
No more with her to see the skies,
The far blue realms of space.

I may not view these lovely things,
Then all my race is run ;
I cry to Thee, O King of Kings :
“ What have I done ? ”

What sins are mine, that through the years
I mournfully must creep,
Nor see the blazing midnight spheres
Reflected in the deep ?
Nor see the birds, nor see the bees,
Nor see sweet children run ;
I cry amid my miseries :
“ What have I done ? ”

All blotted out from my poor sight,
And mournful dirges roll ;
I crawl o'er plains of endless Night,
And blackness fills my soul,
And tears of blood flow from mine eyes—
Poor eyes sweet Sight doth shun ;
I ask Thee, God, with bitter sighs :
“ What have I done ? ”

BACK TO THE BUSH

It is good, now and then, to turn back from the city,
Aye, to leave all its worry and travail and rush ;
To speed forth where the gums in majestic com-
mittee

Hold lordly debate in the mid-forest hush.

It is good to come back to the heart-treasured
birth-place—

To the spot whence one ventured for fortune or
fame ;

For though all the broad world prove a prosperous
mirth-place,

One's home is the goal where most arrow-thoughts
aim !

It is good to come back, after trial and trouble,
Though trial prove triumph, and trouble not
crush ;

For Fame after all is a transient bubble—

It is good to come back to the Bush !

Dear Bushland—dear home of the simple child's
boyhood—

Dear cradle of hope and of ultimate strength ;
To return to thy hills and thy regions of joyhood
Were better than fortune or fame at long length.

Far away one may toil and may follow ambition,
But one's heart ever turns to the home in the
hills :

One's thoughts cross the miles in impassioned
volition—

One's being is stirred with strong soul-bidden
thrills !

My Bushland, my Mother—I haste to your fastness,
Where the old rivers wind and the rivulets
gush ;

Aye, I haste to the Altar I find in your vastness—
It is good to come back to the Bush !

Man's work takes him forth on a Road that is
lonely,

For the heart may be lone in the mightiest
throng ;

But one gathers fresh courage and strength lying
pronely

'Mid the trees where glad winds breathe their
patriot song !

Far away the grim world fights its truceless, shrill
battle—

Lo ! the hills are a refuge of silence and peace ;
Green swards and white tree-trunks—in place of
Town's rattle—

How precious and holy and healing are these !

Aye ! the Bush is a Mother who offers a chalice
To her sons when they weary of turmoil and
rush ;

Lo ! she giveth them comfort—not rancour or
malice—

It is good to come back to the Bush !

Here I walk the old hills, and a great Resolution
Settles down as from God in the core of my
soul ;

I shall march with the years in their quick
evolution,

And surely shall come at long last to my goal !
Thus the Bush gives fresh purpose and strength
to each grim son—

New strength and red courage she merges in
me ;

And I hear a low voice, when the sun sinketh
crimson,

Saying, “ Courage, my Bush-child—success
awaits thee ! ”

Can you hear it ? Then follow—drink strength
from our mother—

Her Altar lies hidden where grasses grow lush ;
In Her name we shall conquer—aye, in Hers, and
no other—

It is good to come back to the Bush !

" WHEN THE DOCTOR WILL NOT
COME "

IN the dark I see him ride,
Down the track two arms-lengths wide,
Loping sadly, loping slowly thro' the constant-
falling rain.
Branches strike the hard grey face,
Staring fixedly at space—
Riding grimly from the township to the rough
bush-home again !
Riding back ! ah, riding back !
Thro' the tree-trunks wet and black ;
Riding home without the doctor, at the slip-rails
standing dumb.
P'raps there's Hell wherein hearts fry,
But there's Torment in the sigh
Of the horseman riding homeward when the
Doctor will not Come !

Said he'd go for ten notes down,
Said he would not leave the town
'Less the cash was in his pocket, 'less the pay was
in advance.
Said the night was too damn bad,
In his gown and slippers clad—

Said he'd had enough of cases where the pay was
left to chance.

Said it business-like and cold,
Stipulating for his gold,
Ere he'd stir to save an empress he would have
his total sum !

Maybe Cains for ever fry,
But there's Murder in the eye
Of the man who leaves the township when the
Doctor will not Come !

Riding back to Her again,
Passing sadly thro' the rain,
Horse dead-beat and stumbling slowly down the
inky forest-way.

Riding home ! ah, riding home !
Like a living metronome
Swing the horse and heart together thro' the
branches dark and grey !

Riding leaden-limbed and drear,
Filled with horror's misty fear
Lest he find her cold and painless—lest he find
her stark and numb !

Maybe God Himself is dead,
Or He'd lift his ancient head,
And He'd maybe show compassion when the
Doctor will not Come !

But He sits upon His throne
Like a figure carved in stone,
While His work is calling, calling, in the bushland
far below !
But He sits there, stark and still,
And His heart-chords never thrill,
Or He'd leave his barrack Heaven, and He'd take
His rusty hoe !
He would get to work again,
Pacing thro' the pouring rain
To the sick-beds in the gum-lands where the
hearts in torment drum,
Oh, He'd make a good old job
Of straightening up His globe
If the Lord looked in and tended when the
Doctor will not Come !

THE PASSING OF CAPTAIN BANKS

[Captain James Banks, the “ Old Man ” of the Australasian mercantile marine, died last year, after fifty years’ service at sea.]

THERE’S an island north o’ Scotland where the
storms cease not their roaring—

There’s a misty, salty island by the name of
Ronaldshay ;

And to-night athwart the ocean goes a salty soul
a-soaring

To its far-off Orkney birth-place, ’midst the
breakers and the spray !

There’s a hill the North Sea hammers through the
years with ceaseless thunder—

There’s a little Orkney cottage that looks out
across the sea ;

And a soul has slipped its moorings from a harbour
’way down under,

And he drives a phantom steamer past the
frowning Duncansby !

Jimmy Banks has got his papers, and has cleared
the Heads for ever—

He has gone to join the sailors who are driving
round the spheres ;

Jimmy Banks has closed his log-book, with its
tally of endeavour—

Ay, the tally of the service of his storm-swept
fifty years !

The engine-bells are ringing from the bridge of
the *Pilbarra*,

But the man who used to jerk them steers another
craft to-night ;

He is crossing Pentland Firth now—he has left
the turbid Yarra—

He was straight and stern and loyal—he was
Scotch and he was white !

Far Stroma's cliffs are dripping, and the mists
hang o'er Pomona—

There's a red light showing faintly nor'-nor'-east
of John-o'-Groats ;

There's a grey and misty mantle wrapped around
the isle of Swona,

And the fisher-folk steer homeward in their
plunder-bearing boats.

Lo ! a phantom craft swings past them, with her
engines hushed and noiseless—

All majestical she passes through the silent fisher-
ranks ;

For they gaze upon her dumbly, and are wonder-
filled and voiceless—

On the steamer's bridge all grimly stands the
wraith of Jimmy Banks !

We knew him from the Leeuwin to the Gateway
of Pandora,

He left his smoking cinders from Red Rocks
to Bustard's Head ;

Boss skipper from the Cairncross to the sullen
Cape Koamora—

Punching all the storms that met him till they
tumbled down half-dead !

We claim him as Australian, though a northern
island bore him—

We claim him as a pattern for Australian sailor-
men ;

For the stars were pals with Jimmy, and with
steadfast eyes watched o'er him

When he swung around the Gabo with the old
A.U.S.N. !

The Swain Reefs and the Pelsarts—they saw him
sweeping past them—

Sphinx Island heard him thunder up through
the tropic night ;

Four Hummocks knew his smoke-wreaths—behind
his heels he cast them—

He took his ships out proudly, and brought
them in all right.

Our heroes shall not vanish without song-consecration—

One sea-king Death has taken from out the fighting ranks ;

The sailors and ship-captains—they help to build the nation—

Hats off along the wharf there ! Good-bye to Jimmy Banks !

HIS MONUMENT

A paltry hundred pounds—£100,000 was expected—
have been subscribed in M.L. for the Seddon Memorial.

WHAT need has he for carven stone—what need
for granite pile ?

True heroes live by Deeds alone, surviving greed
and guile !

The Man who died on Calvary, how lowly was His
tomb,

And yet His name in history shall last till crack
of doom !

Brave Martin Luther lies asleep, beneath the
humble sod,

But still his soul, with measured tread, goes march-
ing on to God !

Can Ziska die, or Zwinglius ?—each name, a blazing
star,

Shall shine when all To-Day's vain fuss lies scat-
tered very far.

They hanged the bones of Cromwell high—they
spurned the mighty dead ;

Yet Cromwell's fame shall never die, tho' Charles'
brief pomp is fled !

Can marble make a Nero great ?—can granite blot
the shame

Which drags far down from high estate full many
a Ruler's name ?

The Pyramids are useless heaps of Pharaoh-
plundered stone ;

But still the great Galileo keeps his place on
Reason's throne !

While kings and princes, turned to clay, are feeding
kine and sheep,

Columbus holds eternal sway upon the western
deep !

Then talk no more of mortared tiers to keep
remembrance green—

Across the stormy sea of years the Chief shall lead
unseen !

His monument is Maoriland—he needs no sculp-
tured gauds

To mark the deeds of his strong hand. Leave
marble to the frauds !

They need the sculptor's plastic skill to hide their
public crimes ;

Triumphant yet, tho' cold and chill, HE strikes the
era-chimes !

Rings in the New Democracy ; proclaims the
Rights of Man—

Tho' puppets dance in office, He goes marching in
the van.

THRO' STORM AND GLOOM

'Tis care and sorrow that try love,
And declare it false or true ;
Will the stars in the eyes of thy love
Shine aye with a steadfast hue ?
For 'tis only the purest passion
That stands misfortune's test,
When the ships of our heart's hopes crash on
Strange rocks, and sink to rest.
Some eyes are stars in splendour,
When the league-long breakers boom ;
Aye, their love shines true and tender
Thro' storm and gloom !
Not a love of the sunshine only,
When the gladsome world is warm,
But a love when a man lies pronely,
With his face to the beating storm !
Not a love like a splendid bubble,
That is slain by a passing breath,
But a love that lives through trouble—
Aye, a love that lasts till death !
Not a love that becomes poor ashes
When we strike the shores of doom,
But a love whose true light flashes
Thro' storm and gloom !

There are false, vain loves, my brothers—
Vows blown with the winds away ;
But huzza ! there are also others—
There are loves that last for aye !
There are arms that stretch in yearning,
There are lips all-faithful yet,
There are loves like beacons burning
When the winds are wild and wet !
And we steer for our Harbour slowly,
When the nights are white with spume,
By the light of that Beacon holy—
Thro' storm and gloom !

*'Tis care and sorrow that try love,
And declare it false or true,
But the stars in the eyes of my love
Shine aye with a steadfast hue !
For Hers is the purest passion—
Aye, it stands misfortune's test,
When the ships of my heart's hopes crash on
Strange rocks, and sink to rest.
For Her eyes are stars in splendour,
When the league-long breakers boom ;
Aye ! Her love shines true and tender
Through storm and gloom !*

AMONG THE THIEVES

THERE'S a section of the city which has barred its
doors to pity—

Which exists by rule of Chitty and by Act of Par-
liament ;

There the lawyer and the agent hold their revel
and their pageant,

And conspire to rob the lay gent and to owe the
office rent !

There the dens are all of plaster, and are cold as
alabaster—

There the walls foretell disaster with their atmo-
sphere of fraud ;

Aye, the air is sour with malice, and no flower
lifts up its chalice

In that region chill and callous, where the shark
has his abode.

Iron doors creak on their hinges ; clerks deplore
their empty bingies,

And the humble pauper cringes unregarded in the
street ;

Men with sharp and hawk-like faces haste with
 swift and cat-like paces,
Even as the vulture traces from afar its smellful
 meat !

One inhales the breath of doom there—evil deeds
 for ever loom there,
Rotting down among the gloom there where the
 lawyers cogitate :
Steps of stone lead up to lairs, where they heed no
 anguished prayers—
Where the very stools and chairs seem instinct
 with greed and hate !

Harsh typewriters sharply clicking, with a grim
 persistent ticking,
Indicate where crows are picking luscious bones of
 pleasant Law ;
Scraps of ancient litigation rot in view of all the
 nation,
And provoke the approbation of the yawning legal
 maw.

Anxious clients state their cases, and anon with
 pallid faces
Scan the bill of costs that chases every shilling
 to its lair ;

Friendless women seeking Justice—in the law their
hope and trust is—

Find the same as bitter dust is, and go home and
tear their hair.

Lo ! the night-wind howls about them, and the
breezes spurn and flout them—

Secrets talk within, without them ; Costs arise at
dead of night ;

And the ghosts of guilt and plunder perch upon the
stools when thunder

Splits the weeping skies asunder with a flash of
scornful light.

Every deed-box opens dimly, documents step from
them grimly,

And with tape-tied briefs they primly dance the
Devil's dance of theft ;

Wills and probates all dishevel—law-books leave
their shelves and revel—

O ! they prance around the Devil, romping gaily
right and left !

Oft the souls of dead attorneys make their stealthy
midnight journeys

To their lair and hold wild tourneys round the
Leader of the Bar ;

Lo, they clutch their hands together in a merry
Devil's tether,
And the law-books bound in leather think what
jolly chaps they are !

While the weary world is sleeping, Coke and
Littleton are leaping —
Sober Chitty time is keeping for the jubilating
Law ;
Aye, the lawyer's soul makes merry in that hybrid
cemetery—
Most obsequious equerry clasping Satan's master
claw !

When the dawn creeps greyly over—when the lass
turns to her lover—
Lo, the caveats cease to hover round the great
K.C. in black ;
Then the riot breaks asunder, and the souls go
'way down under,
With a muffled sound like thunder, leaving sulphur
in their track.

LIPS AND STARS

STARS on the beach a-gleaming—
Tears in her dark, sweet eyes ;
Clouds in the sky fields dreaming ;
Lips that are soft with sighs.

Hearts that are nigh to breaking ;
Breasts all a-cry for love,
Souls all a-parch for slaking —
Winds and the rain above.

Two in the tide-way going,
Waves that pursue their feet ;
Surf and a star-breath blowing,
Swords of the sea's sharp sleet.

“ Kiss,” say the winds, “ and kissing,
Pass through the dark-way'd night ”—
“ Kiss,” say the waves far-hissing ;
“ Kiss ! ” cries the spindrift white.

Two in the tideway going
Under the dreaming moon,
Love in her dark eyes glowing,
Love on the beach star-strewn !

THE DRIVER

WHENE'ER I see a chariot go speeding near or far,
I yearn to grasp life's lariat—to stand upon a star !
To yoke the thews and brains of things : to make
a team of them ;

To ride o'er suzerains and kings—o'er throne and
diadem !

I long to be the Driving One, to hold the guiding
reins—

Careering on and striving on across the hills and
plains !

To stand upon the decks of things : to pass the
crawlers wan ;

I'd sway the heads—the necks of things, and lead
Creation's van !

A fig to loll at ease upon the cushions of the car—
I want to feel the breeze upon the highroad, rushing
far !

With mighty hoofs a-thundering ; with shining
wheels a-whirr,

I'd make the idlers wonder in earth's amphitheatre !
No crawling like a jaded hearse on gradient and
hill—

The day I drive the Universe, I'll drive it with a Will !

My Team would sup right loyally when daily work was done ;

But when I DROVE !—Ho ! loyally they'd gallop, every one !

With jaw set hard as granite is, I'd gather up the reins—

Across the ruts of vanities I'd roll with swinging chains !

My Team would know it's Master's voice—would answer when I called ;

It's music sweet as Castor's voice to parent Leda-thralled.

I'd love my Team and cherish it, if hard the hearts I drove—

Did e'er a striver perish, it would sear the One above !

The harness would be burnished right—to match the flashing car—

With wheels a-hum and furnished right I'd drive Australia !

They only fail who quaver at the thought of meeting death—

Man's heart should grow more brave thereat, my Marching-Gospel saith :

I long to mount this Chariot and thunder over
kings—

To trample each Iscariot, and slay all Judas things !

To overturn Autocracy—to break it with my
wheels—

To steer thy ships, Democracy, 'mid battle's
thunder-peals !

To stand upon the Decks of Things—to boss a
bolting star—

To sway the heads—the necks of things :

Such My Ambitions ARE !

MY CREED

MY hat comes off when 'mid the aisles of stately
gums I slowly walk ;

Grand colonnades and peristyles, with green
entablatures that talk !

The whispering leaves that croon above sing
anthems grand and grey to me ;

And swelling strains that murmur Love come
from the far-off Organ Sea !

The tenets of my faith are breathed by each
divine, slow-trailing breeze ;

The strands of my strong Creed are wreathed
among the tops of singing trees.

My Alma Mater of the Bush, I worship in your
cloisters wide—

I am in church when 'mid the hush of stately gums
I slowly stride !

My Creed is short—its articles are stern as they
are good and few—

No clangour of disturbing bells calls me, my God,
to worship you !

“ Be firm, be strong,” my Bible saith—the Scrip-
ture of the Pastor-Gums—

“ Be kind and good, and smile at Death when at
long last Earth’s summons comes.
Work hard, work well—use hand and heart and
brain, my son ”—Australia says ;
I hear Commandments in the rain, and in the
waves along the bays.
My grey Cathedral of old trees—my well-beloved
Eternal Land—
I am in church when on my knees I stoop beneath
your gums so grand !

They call me pagan, those who pray to mould’ring
spook on mould’ring throne,
But I—I smile when tall gums say “ My son,
worship your Land alone ! ”
And I do so. My heart and soul I pledge unto
Australia mine ;
Where lifts a tall, sweet, white gum-bolt there is
my refuge and my shrine.
The thoughts too strange for mortal ears I speak
in this confessional,
Where winds from far star-hemispheres their
priest-responses softly call.
My hat comes off when ’neath the nave of two
arched gums I mutely bow—
It is my Church ; dig there my grave, that gum-
leaf tears may touch my brow !

THE COAL-SHIPS

WITH freeboards low do the coal-ships go—
Black tanks with a freight of death ;
They are crazed and old, and have gasped and
rolled

Long years with a scanty breath.
They are dead, damned ships, that the grimy skips
Load down in a dark delight—
Ere they stumble forth, east, south, and north,
To sink in the roaring night !
They are black with doom, and the ghostly spume
Licks them like famished snakes ;
And the lean waves creep and the grey seas leap
Like panthers in their wakes !

See the P. and O. as they outward go,
And the grand Norddeutscher-Lloyd ;
The stately craft where the bands play aft
On the safe seas broad and void !
But along the coast plies a grim black host
Of ships that are Wallsend-crammed ;
Aye, they have no bands to refresh all hands
On the ships that are doomed and damned !
From the coaly town, lo, they stagger down,
And they grope for the Sydney Heads ;

And some go back on the dismal track
Like strange sea-quadrupeds.
But as many more come to no shore,
But sink in the gloomy night ;
And their owners fume as the surging spume
Blots out the tall mast-light !

Yea, their owners fret and fume and sweat
While the A.B.'s fight for life ;
While the A.B.'s drown, bright diamonds crown
The rich shipowner's wife !
While a tragedy is played at sea,
It is comedy on shore ;
And drowning hands mock the sweet string bands,
Ere they sink for evermore !
Dark Nemesis, with a fatal kiss,
Touches each seaman's lips ;
And a blind, fool Fate repents too late
And sighs for the collier ships.
Deep, deep they lie, where there is no sky,
And the green sea hides the dead ;
While the war of Trade, in its greed arrayed,
Goes on and on o'erhead !

When this cursed war is raged no more,
No coffin ships there'll be ;
And the battered planks of the dead old tanks
Will litter no more the sea.

Then no grim, black craft, straining fore and aft,
Shall founder in the night ;
And amid the coals no drowning souls
Shall gasp in a hopeless fight !
But to-night the old ships plunge and roll,
And the bulkheads strain and cry ;
And the stark masts stab with a reeling jab
At the wind-swept, starless sky.
And to-night our coast sees a grimy host
Of black sea-phantoms pass ;
While safe on shore their owners pour
Bright wine in the ruby glass !

With freeboards low do the coal-ships go—
Black tanks with a freight of death ;
They are crazed and old, and have gasped and
 rolled
Long years with a scanty breath.
They are dead, damned ships—that the grimy skips
Load down in a dark delight—
Ere they stumble forth, east, south, and north,
To sink in the roaring night !
They are black with doom, and the ghastly spume
Licks them like famished snakes ;
And the lean waves creep, and the grey seas leap
Like panthers in their wakes !

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME

A BALLADE of the whirligig, built up with bricks
of verse !

Sing hey the gladsome whirligig, the bassinet, the
hearse !

The rhymesters once knocked flat with scorn be-
come the foremost bards,

While those who topped Fame's Matterhorn are
broken pots and shards.

We who to-day go first saloon last year were
stowaways ;

Next year they'll rise and " shoot the moon," who
lead the social blaze.

We sit to-day in Parliament who last year were in
gaol ;

We hear the heathen's far lament—the local poor
may wail.

No matter what our fortune is, a million or a dime,
We gamble with the same old foe—that grinning
thing called Time.

Our schedules vast to-day we file for half-pence in
the pound ;

New debts to-morrow will we pile—when credit
fresh we've found.

We moderns dread maternity, that once all women
loved ;

We monkey with Eternity with fingers neatly
gloved ;

We hire us fools to preach to us, behind whose backs
we laugh ;

We gag all those who'd teach to us no gospel half-
and-half.

We pat our vices lovingly, and call them virtues
grand—

Should e'er man speak reprovingly, we yell “ Go
on the land ! ”

We are a most amusing lot—we're mostly daubed
with slime,

And down the stream we speed between the muddy
banks of Time.

On thrones and such we keep a lot of puppet gods
and kings ;

Then lo ! there comes a reaper-lot—and O ! their
reaping stings !

With flashing scythes they hew them down, the
kings and gods we made ;

Forgetting *we* once threw them down, we curse
the mowing blade !

A paltry thing's our memory, a paltry thing's our
mind—

The grinding of life's emery has shorn the precious
rind !

What's crowned to-day to-morrow dies, per scaffold
or the block ;

We gasp and then our sorrow dies—fresh play-
things are in stock !

We're pleased and then we tire of them, we mourn
them in a rhyme,

And set the verse to music ground out by the wheels
of Time.

We give and take in marriages (we strive to make
it "take") ;

In costly cabs and carriages rides virtue with the
rake.

We prate about our holiness when both hands reek
of sin—

No vestige of a soul in us automatons a-grin.

We leer and lie right cheerfully when, on the cush-
ioned seats,

We eye those hanging fearfully behind on straps
and cleats ;

We drive in style perhaps to-day, to-morrow we
may be

Where are the beggar chaps to-day clinging un-
easily !

But all of us, both great and small—clean-billed
or dark with crime—

Must go and moulder eerily among the bones of
Time.

LEAVING THE TOWN !

So we've come to the end of our tether, and our
cheque is expended at last ;

Who have lolled for the last months together in the
bars where we sit now aghast !

We have spent what we earned in the saddle, what
we made with the pick and the shears ;

Now it's time for the bush-ward skedaddle, it's
farewell to the bars and the beers !

We have taken our fill of their pleasure, now we sit
with our foreheads a-frown ;

For we've come to the end of our leisure—it is time
we were leaving the Town !

One trip—just one more—down the harbour ; just
one noon on the sands with the girl ;

Ere we give up the beach and the barber, ere our
beards once more tangle and curl !

Just one night at the show to remember ; ah ! one
cab-ride, dear girl, ere we go

Where the sun burns the plains to an ember and
the teams travel dusty and slow !

Just one night, just one night for a guerdon, when
the sweat from our brow runnels down,

Just one night to recall, when we've spurred on the
track after leaving the Town !

STAR-SET

ALL night the stars have sped across
The paddock-lands of sky ;
With shining eyes and manes a-toss
They swung in squadrons by.

Within the thicket of the winds
They rested at mid-day—
The spears of morn gleam faint, and, lo,
The star-bands ride away.

Along the plains of dreamy night
The white battalions go ;
Down glens of misty, drifting light
The young stars ride a-row.

Beyond the scarping wall of dawn
They ride and disappear ;
Their clinking bridles far away
Sound cymbal-like and clear.

The ford of flowing song they pass ;
I see their stirrups gleam
Athwart the world like gems a-mass
Upon a velvet dream.

Down dark ravines they swiftly ride,
Pursued by trooper Day.
My star-friends wave Good-night and hide
Beyond their mountains grey.

* * * *

The whistling stars grow silenter,
The earth is dark with light ;
The star-troops mount and softly spur
Across the plains of Night.

TWO STARS

Two stars that burn when the rest do fade—two
 beacons blazing ever ;
When the skies grow dark and the heart's afraid
 their twin fires darken never !
Across the seas do they glint and gleam—sing hey
 for the sweet, safe steering,
When the Light of Love on the starboard beam
 shines red with lips' warm cheering ;
When the rebels drive to port a-gee and the blood-
 hued flags are wavin',
Sing ho for the Light of Liberty that leads them to
 their haven !

All stars save two burn dim and wane, all Lights
 save two lead tomb-ward ;
No soul that heads thro' storm and rain for them
 goes ever doom-ward !
For the Light of Love gleams *all* night long, no
 burning low, no quenching ;
Its fires stream out, clear, blazing, strong, when
 the cheeks and hearts are blenching.
O, no craft that keeps to the flame-marked way
 and steers for Libertados
Need fear, tho' the mists be dark and grey ahead
 like grim rock-shadows,

And by basalt rock and ironstone ramp that ill-
steered soul-ships dash on,
Is the star of Love a Lighthouse Lamp, bright-lit
with Flame of Passion !
By the gloomy depths of bondage dark where
sunk rocks wait the free man,
There's a Light that guides to doom no bark, and
drowns no stout-souled seaman !
There are two stars, red when the rest sink low,
that turn thro' mist and hazing !
And sage are the ships that heed the glow of those
twin beacons blazing !

KISSES AND SIN

Kiss now ! while the girl is handy—

 You can't when she's far away ;

Sin now ! lest your life be sandy,

 Oasisless and grey.

Kiss now ! while the chance is waiting—

 While it lingers at your side ;

For the man who stands debating

 Will gain no gladsome bride !

Sin now ! ere gloom and fatness

 And their greasy kith and kin

Have filled your years with flatness,

 And you know not how to sin.

Kiss now ! while the girl's complacent—

 Kiss now ! ere love grows cold ;

Kiss now ! while her mouth's adjacent—

 Feast now ! while her hair is gold !

Sin NOW ! you are growing older—

 Away with your doubts and fears ;

For the greyest ghosts that moulder

 In the vale of our latter years

Are the haunting apparitions
Of the sins we contrived to miss,
The uncommitted transgressions—
The girls that we didn't kiss!

HOME-SICK

I STEERED me north by the Milky Way, and I kept
the throne in sight,
Till I came to the Gate with the jasper posts,
And the heavenly hosts in the Holy Realms of
Light.

Lo ! I sat me down by Peter's ghost, and it spake
weird words to me ;
It said : " There's a stranger here with wings,
And he won't play harps and he never sings,
And he does—well, really—the strangest things,
and he spits in the Glassy Sea ! "

I says to the ghost : " I'd like to see this chap
that you speak about,
For perhaps it's a cove I used to know
In an earthly hamlet down below, and who never
was known to shout."'
So Peter's wraith it took my arm, and we strolled
along the track ;
And it talked in a friendly, affable way
About some hymns they had tried that day,
When all of a sudden I yelled " Hooray !—I'm
hanged if it isn't our Jack ! "

Then Peter's ghost it turned quite pale, and it looked suspicious at me ;

It said—and its voice was cold and sharp—

“ So you know this person who hates the harp and who won't be nice and agree ? ”

I stares at the ghost as hard as you like, and I claps it quick on the back ;

“ Know him ? ” I said ; “ I should think I did—

Why, many's the time he's lent me a quid

That he's rose on his watch from the pawnshop

Yid—why, there's no one on earth like Jack !

“ Why, we lived together for years,” I said, “ and we wrote for the self-same rag ;

He's the best old pal that ever I had—

He was always cheerful, straight and glad, and a most reliable snag.

Excuse me, ghost,” I says just here, “ but I want to shake Jack's hand ; ”

So I knocks a choir right out of the way—

They were making a most untuneful bray—

And I yells to Jack : “ Hoo-blessed-ray !—so you're here on the Silver Strand ! ”

Then Jack jumps up and he stares at me, then grabs my earnest fin ;

And the tears ran out of his bad old eyes,

As he says : “ Great Scott ! ”—what a great surprise—it’s my cobber in earthly sin ! ”

Then I takes Jack’s arm, and I drags him back to where the ghost stood still

And I said : “ Jack’s simply homesick, ghost—

He yearns for a fresh terrestrial post—

Not out on Saturn or Jupiter’s coast, but down in the earthly mill ! ”

Then Jack speaks up and he says : “ That’s true —it’s exactly what I desire ;

Send me back to Australia once again—

For I’d rather live there in trouble and pain than sing in the white-robed choir.

No disrespect to you,” says Jack, “ but a man’s own land’s the best ;

For there ain’t no wattles or gums up here,

And your ways are strange and your manners are queer—

So, if it’s the same, I’d rather clear than remain a heavenly guest ! ”

Then the ghost thinks hard, and he says to Jack :

“ Er—what is Australia like ? ”

And Jack replies, “ It’s a paradise—

If you’ll just subtract the heat and the flies it’s the best that a man could strike !

But I don’t mind flies and I like the heat, so send me back again ;

-

Send me home again on some excuse,
For I'm not the least dashed heavenly use"—
Here Jack's orbs trickled with pearly juice, and
his face grew pale with pain.

Then the ghost says : " Well, it seems to me that
your life is a vain thing here ;
We gave you a golden harp to play,
But your mind don't seem to run that way, so
perhaps you'd better clear ! "

Then he turns to me, and he says : " Young man,
I think you're about the same ;
For I notice your halo is not on straight,
So you'd better make tracks for the Heavenly
Gate—

Yes, you and your mate must absquatulate for
the sake of our Heavenly fame ! "

So we steered us south by the Milky Way, and we
left the throne behind,

Aye, we left the Gate with the jasper posts,
And the heavenly hosts in the town with the pearly
rind.

We tramped through space for an age-and-a-half,
till we reached Australia's shores ;

Then Jack yelled out : " Hoo-blessed-ray !
For this is a land where a man should stay—
It's better for me than the Milky Way, and the
harps, and the Golden Doors ! "

WHEN SHIPS AND HARBOURS PART

It's slack away the shore-lines—
O, hear the whistle blow !
“ Good-bye,” the lovers murmur—
“ Good-bye ! ” the ship breathes low.
“ Farewell, dear Love,” the wharf says—
“ Farewell, beloved heart ; ”
And all the world grows mournful
When ships and harbours part !

'Tis hard to take the last kiss—
The ship leans on the pier ;
'Tis hard to leave the loved one,
When Passion's star shines clear !
'Tis easy for the loveless,
For whom no hot tears start ;
But all true lovers mourn, though,
When ships and harbours part !

How hard to walk the gang-way ?—
But hear the whistle blow !
“ *All friends ashore !* ” “ Good-bye, Love ”—
I am the last to go !
I am the last to leave her,
With two hot eyes a-smart ;

O ! all the winds blow kisses
When ships and harbours part !

The engines strain the hawsers—
Her bows are pointing West ;
But ah ! the straining cordage
Which fastens breast to breast !
With broadsides of sad glances
She rakes the loving heart ;
The strands of joy are broken
When ships and harbours part !

“ *Kia Ora !* ” from the wharfside—
The faces distant grow ;
But ah, the pier is mourning,
And ah, the ship swims slow :
'Tis hard to leave the Harbour
And follow Fortune's chart ;
For all the seas are sighing
When ships and harbours part !

The liner takes the high-way—
She leaves her wake a-strow ;
Love's kerchief flutters my way—
Her face the last to go !
Two lives are slain, are sundered—
Two souls know Sorrow's dart ;
The world's great heart yearns sadly.
When ships and harbours part !

THE JOY OF LIFE

I HAVE starved my day, and have known bad luck ;
I have drudged as the meanest drudge ;
But I set my face to the Forward Path, and from
it I did not budge !
I have spilt my sweat in the rolling-mill ; I have
toiled at the flaming forge ;
And my axe has made the great gums thrill ere
they crashed in the mountain-gorge.
In the red-screened shade of the fever-ward I have
fought my fights with Death,
But I cried, " Good luck to the rolling world ! "
with my faintest, dearest breath.
I knew that the man with a steadfast heart need
not go down in the race,
So I fought my fight with a constant smile and
never a sullen face.
Aye, I did not whine in my poverty, and I did
not quit the strife ;
For my heart vibrated with the chords of the Song
of the Joy of Life !

In the toil and sweat of my younger days I knew
that a time would come

When I'd press the throat of the thing called Fate
with a master's despot thumb.

And to-day I say, in a ringing line of proud, exultant
truth,

That success is sure for the heart that throbs with
the spirit of living youth !

Ha ! the Joy of Life is a splendid thing, and blest
is the heart that beats

With the rolling lilt of its melody in the bush or
the city's streets.

I have hewn my way as a man must hew, and my
gaze goes forward still,

And I want all the world to march with me and to
work with a rigid will !

Aye, I want to march with a standard fresh, and
the music of drum and fife,

And to lead a legion whose battle-hymn is the
Song of the Joy of Life !

For the girls are good to a man, I find, if a genuine
Man he be,

And I kiss now the hands of womankind as a pledge
of my fealty.

For no man lives but a woman's love may better
his talents yet—

Aye, may help him on to the distant star where
his heart's desire is set,

They may sneer at Love in the smoking-rooms
where the sapless cynics dwell,
But the man who knows not the sweets of Love
is a monk in a dead man's cell.
The weft of dreams is the golden hair that shines
on a woman's head,
And I know no joy like a girl's glad kiss when the
sun is sinking red.
By that mother of mine who gave me birth, by my
sister and some one's wife,
I say that a woman's far-reaching love makes
much of the Joy of Life !

And this is the message I bring to you—you may
heed it or leave it alone—
Lo, the man with a steadfast goal in view, that man
is a king on a throne !
If the gods have given him health and strength—
let the sails of Ambition fill !—
He is bound to drive to success at last by the force
of his own strong will !
If he does not sink in the ditch of Drink—if he
scorns to complain at Fate,
He will win his way to the top, I say—and will earn
each failure's hate.
They will sneer and jeer as he passes by—as I
trust they will sneer at me—

There was never a sneer I cared for yet, and
contempt is gratis and free.
So disdain the tribe, young painter or scribe, and
push on while your brain is rife ;
You will reach success in the end, I guess—so have
faith in the Joy of Life !

THE NEW SONG AND THE NEW SINGER

THEY have sung their Songs of the darkest side—
 All their hymnals drab and gloomy ;
Now I come with a chant of the world's joy-tide !
 By a sweet star-muse blown to me !
They have sung of death and of tears and woe—
 All their verse is brewed in sadness ;
I come with a song holds the lilt and flow
 Of all the earth's green gladness !
Out and away with their runes all set
 In keys of plaintive wailing !
For I sing a song of the Spring blood's fret
 And of Spring souls free from ailing !

Out and away ! for the gods are good,
 And the lips are red and many ;
O, the wine is sweet in the bowl and wood—
 O, of fears man needs not any !
For the breasts are white and the nights are long,
 While the days are glad and gleaming—
O, the tide comes in, piling shells of song
 On the sands where my soul lies dreaming
Or walks down the lanes of a star-hedged life
 And feasts on the sweets of living

Where Spring winds pass unstained with strife
Or a doubt or dark misgiving !

All the mournful songs of the sour-souled bards
Die out and are lost in distance,
O, the New Song teems with the scent of swards
Where woes have no existence !
The New Song thrills with the joys of earth,
And not with the care and aching ;
O, it breathes of Love and of lips and mirth,
And not of the sad hearts breaking,
For a broken soul mends ill when a song
Sets all its wounds re-bleeding ;
O, a song bites deep—like a stained whip-thong—
When the singer gives no heeding !

For “ there’s no song true that wounds no heart,”
Cry the bards of yester-even,
“ And the psalm rings false that fails impart
To some glad soul Hell’s leaven ! ”
But out and away from their sour-veined school !
Out ! for the song-bells ringing !
Let’s write by the Spring’s green-golden rule ;
Attuned to the star-winds winging !
For they’ve sung their songs of the darkmost side—
All their gloom-stained psalms are psalters—
Now I come with a song of the new joy-tide,
And I lay’t on my love’s lip-altars !

HOMER IS MY FRIEND

I HAVE a friend called Homer—an old Greek bard
is he ;

The most poetic roamer this world did ever see !
I stride the promontories with Homer by my side,
And feast upon the glories of sky and cliff and
tide !

I love the roaring ocean—old Homer loved it, too ;
The fretted white commotion his soul unto it drew.
It set his song a-rolling—it strung his lyre with
joy—

It set old Homer trolling in the restless pubs. of
Troy !

I love the good old Homer—the ghost who walks
with me,

What time, the long, grey comber rolls inward from
the sea.

The salt spray stings our faces, big winds chant in
the West,

When lordly Homer paces with me on mountain
crest !

We talk of young Ulysses and Nestor brave and
bold—

Of Helen's honeyed kisses in the gay days of old !
We talk of old King Priam—a good old king was
he—

The sort of king that I am in hours of reverie !

We talk of sacks and battles—of Ajax' rolling car ;
Methinks his chariot rattles where storms and
thunders are !

Methinks the Trojan forces still wrestle with the
Greeks—

Above the foaming horses the dust of combat
reeks.

The Greek ships float in fancy upon the sunset
tide—

O could but modern man see those ancient days of
pride !

They were the days of daring, as Menelaus observed,
When sea-port towns were flaring and any reason
served !

Pallas Athenè slumbers, and Hector's head lies low,
But when I read those numbers my friend penned
long ago

I seem to see fair women stand on the walls of
Troy,

With tears the eyes are dim, for in mingled fear and
joy !

I seem to hear them weeping, I feel their hot, salt
tears—

Their agony comes sweeping across the wrack of
years!

The sack of Troy sends shivers adown my modern
spine,

And Hector's head still quivers in mingled blood
and wine!

I have a friend called Homer—he tells these things
to me,

What time the long, grey comber rolls inward from
the sea.

We walk upon the headlands that face the salty
south,

And in those misty, dead lands I still see Helen's
mouth!

Good luck to every Paris who strips another's field;
Alas, the day afar is of sword and spear and shield!
I like those pagan roamers—they fill my heart
with joy—

Those drinky men of Homer's who stormed the
pubs. of Troy.

THE MASTERS OF THE SEA

THERE are nations born for Power,
There are nations born to cower—
And, like slaves, to fetch and carry for the peoples
strong and free ;
From the dim dead throats of Time
Rolls a fierce and ringing rhyme—
Hear the launching-chant loud pealing from the
Masters of the Sea !
Through the misty wrack of years,
See the lean Phœnician steers
Forth from ports of Spain and Carthage long before
the CHRIST was born ;
Thrusts his prow thro' Biscay's seas
Towards the Cassiterides—
And his oars go thrashing bravely through Atlantic
mists of morn !

Westward sweeps a Roman fleet,
Driving thro' the storm and sleet—
Circumsailing ancient Britain in those chartless
days of yore ;
'Gainst some gloom-grey marge of sky
Fabled Thule they descry—

Loud they hear the stern sea stamping all along
its frozen shore !

All their hearts beset with fear,

Lo ! they creep past Foula sheer—

Stormy Shetlands, dost remember those intrepid
sailor-men ?

Stars alone had they for guide,

O the seas were grim and wide—

There were Heroes walking westward o'er the
trackless ocean then !

O ye waves that murmur peace

On the western shores of Greece !

Dost recall the crash of galleys on the Day of
Actium ?

How the lords of East and West

Gathered for the last great test—

Dost recall the battle-music of the fierce hortator's
drum ;

How they came to deadly grips :

CLEOPATRA's sixty ships—

How they brought most fell disaster to the dooméd
ANTONY ;

How OCTAVIANUS' head

Lifted proudly when they fled—

How the sea with blood grew crimson in those hours
of victory ?

O, the clanging of the shields !
O, the sword each Norseman wields !
Forth the stalwart sons of ODIN troop to ply their
trade of war !
Hear the cry of VORTIGERN,
Whom they succour ere they spurn—
Whom they smite, and whom they shatter, with
the iron fist of THOR !
South and west across the sea
Come the Vikings, fierce and free.
Hear the shout of HENGIST's heroes ! hear old
ROLLO's soldiers sing !
From the far Norwegian fiords
Stream the blue-eyed battle-lords—
There were thrones to win in Britain—he who dared
might be a king !

Lo ! the ocean-brood of Danes—
Charged with passion all their veins—
Baltic Berserks seeking vengeance for GUNHILDA,
dead and fair ;
Came the beakéd ships of SVEN,
Filled with mighty fighting men—
Ho ! the flashing of their axes and their sword-
blades bright and bare !
They were Masters of the Sea,
And they saw the Saxons flee—

Yea, their camp-fires circled London as they
ravaged England o'er ;
While they held the sea with ships,
Lo ! they plied their earnest whips—
Flogging England, Saxon England, with the reek-
ing thongs of war !

Lo ! the hardy Genoese,
Sweeping past the Cyclades—
How they churn the blue Propontis with their
rhythmic beat of oars ;
From Gibraltar's narrow straits
To the Tanais' iron gates,
Ho ! they ride upon their galleys and patrol the
Seven Shores !
Seeking JOHN CANTACUZENE,
Lo ! They search the broad Tyrrhene—
And the Greeks are fed or famished as the grim
sea-captains please ;
And DORIA's ships of war
Drive the Pisans fast and far,
As with sturdy, earnest hands they grip the sceptre
of the seas !

Venice moulders in the slime—
Does the world recall the time

When the Lion of ST. MARCO held the nations all
in fee ;

When the Adriatic's coasts

Saw the onset of its hosts,

And the blind DANDOLO staring out across the
trackless sea ?

Half a thousand years ago

There was wailing, there was woe,

When the Doge's fleets were sighted from the old
Byzantine walls.

By the fair Eubœan isle,

See the swift Venetians file—

Hear the arbalests a-twanging while the throne
of CÆSAR falls.

Dost remember SULIEMAN,

And his conquests African—

Dost remember BARBAROSSA—dost recall his Tunis
lair ?

How the Pope and Emperor

And the Doge were beaten sore

All along the Gulf of Arta by the Sultan's great
corsair !

How that Master of the Seas

Brought the Christians to their knees—

How DRAGUT and his brethren fought the proudest
fleets of Spain ;

He of Mohacs—he was great,
And the nations felt his weight
When the galleys of MAHOMET dared the world
upon the main !

Fallen from his high estate
Like a beggar at the gate,
Next the combat off Lepanto told the Porte another
tale ;
Yea, that SELIM, called the Sot,
Most emphatic beating got
When the Spaniards and Venetians blasted forth
their iron gale ;
The Crescent went below,
Where the old lost banners go,
When puissant Father PIUS organized the squad-
rons three !
'Twas a great and famous day
When the Pope's ships blazed away,
And broke MAHOMET's prestige most completely
on the sea !

It was PHILIP, King of Spain,
Brake the Sultan's ships in twain,
Yet soon his great Armada reeled beneath an
English blow,
And in 1588
Fell the heavy fist of Fate,

And the greedy master-monarch in the dust was
scattered low.

Gone his galliasses tall—

Gone his galleys, one and all—

When HOWARD smote the yellow flag along the
southern shore ;

Past the Start and Portland Bill

Did he drive them with a will—

And his captains swept the Channel from the
Needles to the Nore !

* * * * *

Read, Australians, read the page

Of that dim, forgotten age—

Lo ! the beacons, they are blazing down the vistas
of the past ;

When the new Armadas come,

Ye must beat your battle-drum—

Ye must hold the seas or perish 'neath the weight
of navies vast !

Are ye born for strength and power,

Or to meanly skulk and cower—

Are ye born to fetch and carry, or to stand erect
and free ?

If the latter ye desire,

Ships and sailors ye require—

For the weak must bow submissive to the Masters
of the Sea !

HAVE YOU SET YOUR STANDARDS HIGH ?

Do you cringe and creep when your heart should
leap—do you crawl when a king goes by ?

Do you bow to Rank and its jesters dank—have
you set your standards high ?

Are your idols cheap—are you sure you keep your
eyes on the goal ahead ?

Do you march elate with a swinging gait—are your
hopes diseased or dead ?

Do you falter now, when you once made vow that
you'd come to the front at last—

Are the blazing fires of your young desires but
things of the frozen past ?

Yea, I want to know if your hopes still glow, or
when did you let them die ?

Come, tell me straight, how your josses rate—have
you set your standards high ?

For some make shift with standards reft of all that
is strong and true—

Aye, they slouch along in a downcast throng—and
how are the facts with you ?

Are you marking time in a pool of slime—have you
dropped to the rear of life ?—

Stand up like a man in the fighting van—wade into
the red-hot strife !

Are you pent in the lair of a long despair—has your
heart ceased pumping Blood ?

It shall beat again with a stern refrain—it shall
throb with a steadfast thud !

It shall pump fresh strength, and you'll rise at
length—you will pass all barriers by ;

Aye, you'll reach your goal ere the long years roll
if you set your standards high !

Set them up as far as the furthest star, and fight
for your heart's belief ;

Come up to the scratch—and nail the latch of the
useless door of grief !

There's room for the man who will sternly ban all
fear and doubt and dread ;

Will you make a stand for our own dear land—are
you moribund or dead ?

Does a single spark still light the arc of your gloomy,
faded hopes ?—

You may yet be boss, though you hump your cross
—you may heave Fate limp on the ropes !

I ask you here to abandon fear, and to cease to
moan and sigh—

Come along with Me to the victory, for I've set
my standards high !

* * * * *

*Do you cringe and creep when your heart should leap
—do you crawl when a king goes past?*

*Do you bow to Rank and its jesters dank?—then wake
to this trumpet-blast!*

*Are your idols cheap—are you sure you keep your
eyes on the goal ahead;*

*Do you march elate with a swinging gait—are your
hopes diseased or dead?*

*Do you falter now, when you once made vow that you'd
come to the front in time—*

*Are the blazing fires of your young desires banked up
with ash and slime?*

*Yea, I want to know if your hopes still glow, or when
did you let them die?—*

*Come, tell me straight, how your josses rate—Have
you set your standards high?*

MY LADY IS WAITING FOR ME

AWAY with the red wine and thyrsus—

O ! a truce to the writing of verses—

My lady is waiting for Me !

Take the books and the magas and poems,
Their ends and their middles and proems—

Must gird on my raiment and gee.

Can't tarry a single half-minute,

Or I shall be properly " in " it—

My Sweetheart's a-waiting for Me !

Take the bottles and corkscrews and glasses —

Pile the corks on the mantel in masses ;

My best girl is waiting for ME !

Away with the hazard and poker—

O tear up the deuce and the joker—

It's time for yours truly to flee !

His coat and his hat and malacca—

Farewell to the booze and the 'bacca :

His heart's love's a-waiting for He !

She's waiting around at her gate, Sir—

Must walk at a rapid old rate, Sir :

My darling is waiting for Me !

Can't stop to take cash or pay bills, man—

I'm after a cargo of frills, man ;

Get out o' my daylight quicklee !

Must haste to a creature Elysian,

The sweetest and neatest she-vision :

MY BEST GIRL

IS WAITING

FOR ME !

BALLAD OF THE MAN FAR INLAND

“Ship me somewhere east of Suez,” where some
old flat-floored canoe is ;
Scoop me out a giant pumpkin ; give me two dry
sticks for oars ;
Where the blessed bullfrog bubbles—where the tor-
toise tells his troubles—
Let me wander by the moisture where the savage
tomtit roars !
Where the welkin welks with gladness—where there
isn’t any badness ;
Where the world is wet and cheerful, and the wag-
tail wags encore ;
For I’m sick of music-vampers, and I hate the
stunning stampers—
Aye, I want to bite the ocean, and I want the sea
once more !

I desire a month of leisure spent in clean aquatic
pleasure—
I request a little dingy or a battleship or raft.
Let me sit astride a barrel, clad in Adam’s scant
apparel,
With the dampness round my ankles and a buckram
zephyr aft !

Let me swim, and let me swelter, where the seas
come helter-skelter—

Hand me out a tiny creeklet or a river or lagoon ;
I desire to dip my body in a bath that isn't shoddy—
I insist on the Pacific being carted to me soon.

In the desert I am wailing, where the brown dust-
clouds are sailing,

And I warn the Lord instanter that it's wrong to
keep me here ;

If He fails to send me seaward—if He falls away to
leeward—

I will bust the apparatus of this blessed hemisphere !
For I'm angry and disdainful, and I find the desert
painful,

And I'll spoil this blooming planet if the Lord neg-
lecteth me.

I am sulky with creation—my ideal occupation
Were to sit astride an iceberg in a gold-and-purple
sea !

*“ Ship me somewhere east of Suez,” where some water-
logged canoe is—*

*Scoop me out a giant pumpkin ; let me use my hands
for oars ;*

*Where the porpoise porpeth gaily—where the turtle
turteth daily—*



*Let me wander by the moisture where the savage
tomtit roars !*

*Where the welkin welks likes blazes—where the peace-
ful moo-cow grazes—*

*Where the world is wet and winsome, and the wagtail
wags encore ;*

*For I'm sick of slaving here, Lord ! and it's like to
cost you dear, Lord !*

*If I fail to bite the ocean and observe the sea once
more !*

A SONG OF WORK

WE sing too much of sports and such—too little
of toil and deeds ;
Too much of love and stars above, and winds in the
whispering reeds.
Let's sing new songs of the toiling throngs—let's
chant of hammer and saw ;
Let's chant of life and steam and strife and the
foundry's blazing maw !
Sing ho for work—for the smoke-stack's murk—
for the crash of iron and steel ;
Huzza for the war where the pistons soar and crank-
shafts thrust and reel !
For the world's great heart is beating here, 'midst
clamour of steel and steam ;
Man rules the earth with his strength and skill—
aye, man is a god supreme !

Aha for the crash where the forges flash, and the
anvils clank and clang ;
Huzza for the beat of the iron feet where the
Nasmyths bounce and bang !
For the whirring drills and the roaring mills—for
the shafting's rolling song—

Huzza for the gods and the piston-rods and the
workers stern and strong !
For I love the night where the Titans fight, and the
gloom is blotched with flame ;
Aye, I feel a king when the crossheads swing and
growl in their iron game ;
Fit kingdom this, where the forges hiss, and the
red slag drops like blood ;
O, I love grim Graft, and I love each shaft, and I
love Work's mighty thud !

Let's whine no more—Let us smelt black ore—
let's grapple at last with Fate ;
Let's march like men in the ranks again—let's
tramp with a swinging gait !
Let's take our stand with the nations grand—let
us show that we're not played out ;
Let's live, let's act—let us deal with fact—have
done with drivel and doubt !
Have done with dreams and the misty themes—
have done with the dread of death ;
Let's work like Hell for an age-long spell—let's
laugh with our parting breath !
Nor prate nor preach, but rise and reach for the
nearest task at hand ;
Let's toil, let's sweat—let's fight on yet for the
sake of our own dear land !

*For we sing too much of sport and such—too little
of toil and deeds ;*

*Too much of love and stars above, and winds in the
whispering reeds.*

*Let's sing new songs of the toiling throngs—let's
chant of hammer and saw ;*

*Aye, chant of life with its steam and strife and the
foundry's blazing maw !*

*Sing ho for Work—for the smoke-stack's murk—for
the crash of iron and steel ;*

*Huzza for the war where the pistons soar and crank-
shafts thrust and reel !*

*Set the world's great heart a-beating here, 'midst
clamour of steel and steam ;*

*Let's shake the hills with our iron wills—for Man is
a god supreme !*

AUSTRALIA

*O Land immense, in far extent and power—
 In latent strength, that yet shall perfect be ;
 O Thou, who bendest low thy Freedom-flower,
 Thy chalice'd mouth, whose kiss is liberty :
 The story tell !—what is thy gift and dower,
 O Commonweal, for him who serveth Thee ?*

“ I am the Land of hope, of gracious mornings—
 He welcome is, whoever cleanly comes ;
 I stand erect—I hear the epoch's warnings
 Strike through the years, like swinging pendu-
 lums.

• I know no hates, no ancient fears and scornings
 Arouse my States with fratricidal drums !

“ I am the Land that yet in peerless splendour
 By nations all shall equal hailèd be,
 When I with ships walk on the seas, and render
 My true account to human destiny ;
 My gift of sons, my daughters sweet and tender,
 My children all !—the heart's warm gift of
 me !

“ I am the Land whereof the written story
Shall incense breathe far down the distant
years ;
Shall say of me : ‘ Her’s was the lustrous glory,
Undimmed with blood and death’s hate-potent
tears !
The surf that beats upon each promontory
Shall croon : ‘ Here dwell no futile lusts nor
fears ! ’

“ I am the Land of peace and righteous labour,
The home of skill and patient industry ;
Where equal man shall join with equal neighbour
His strong right hand in perfect amity.
Ye older lands, that power and ancient sway bore,
Behold a People fearless, brave, and free !

“ Mine Outlook shines with light serene and splendid—
My forward Path, O faithful sons, I see ;
Ye are my strength—from fathers strong descended,
And ye shall march far down the years with
me !
Shall give me fame, with genius starlike blended,
My glory-crown for all eternity !

“ My brow I lift with faith undimmed and peerless—

A constant faith, that will not be denied ;
 I face the world with eyes all clear and tearless—
 Why should I quail, when ye are at my side ?
 My children all—my Titans strong and fearless,
 Australia’s hope, Australia’s joy and pride !

“ Know ye my heart ?—its secret tides of passion,
 The midmost Thoughts that dwell, O sons, in
 me ?

A Nation fair I bid ye nobly fashion
 That with my love all permeate shall be !
 I am Desire ! And I am sweet Compassion,
 And I am Truth and Joy and Liberty !

“ All these have thrilled within my heart and
 being—

All these abide within my central soul ;
 Mine eyes are true, clear eyes all Task-ward seeing,
 And I shall see a Nation brave and whole !
 From sordidness—from strife and rancour fleeing,
 A People clean with one fair-shining goal !

“ No jarring chords of bitter feud and schism—
 No discontent, no falsehood and no greed ;

All-consecrate with Freedom's priceless chrism,
A People true in thought and word and deed :
Whereof each soul, like some reflecting prism,
Shall flash the rays of Time's divinest Creed !

“ To Nations new—to lands unshaped, uncharted,
A pattern I, O Kinsmen all, would be ;
Who worketh well ? Who labours steadfast-
hearted ?—

He is the truest, noblest son of me !
And from my fields, whose wealth shall yet be
marded,
Shall win the fruits of forthright Industry !

“ Where shining rails, beneath their mighty burden
Of Commerce new, their song exultant sing ;
There see my gifts—Australia's proffered guerdon
To all whose arms the gleaming axe shall
swing !

When Europe's heart at last my Call hath stirred
in,
Shall millions haste to share the harvesting !

“ Know ye my prayer ? 'Tis that the Elder
Nations

Their quarrels vain may compass and forget ;
Yea, that their sons, in nobler consecrations,
Might come to me—and I will have them yet !

Shall draw them hence. These are the consummations

Whereon mine heart of hearts is ever set !

“ I am the Promise of a braver, fairer Morrow,
The White Man’s Hope—a priceless heritage ;
When shall the Elder Lands have done with
sorrow—

With needless woe, and turn a clearer page ?
Why will they strife and fruitless discord borrow,
When I am here—here, too, a nobler Age ?

“ Within my gates might Europe’s sons be reaping
The produce of mine harvest-bearing fields.
This is mine Outlook !—let the time of weeping,
With all the tawdry fame that Carnage yields,
Be done with now. And let the world’s heart,
leaping,
Know that the warring Powers have joined
their shields !

“ This is my hope—to see the sons of Britain,
With German kith, whence their forefathers
sprung,
Turn southward yet : for lo ! my star is litten,
And I am waiting—I, elate and young !
When will that lasting bond, O Powers, be written
And jubilating Peace’s censers swung ?

“ When will mankind know that the Day is breaking—

The Night of war and needless conflict done ?
When shall the hearts of men have done with
aching,

And Arbitration's writ triumphant run ? . . .
These are the thoughts that in my breast are
waking,

And in the breast of each Australian son !

“ Here are the Lands that all too long have waited
New Commonwealths, engirt by land and sea ;
A thousand years has ancient Europe hated,
And ground her sons in mills of agony :
Here are the lands with boundless treasure
freighted—

O that our kin the better path might see !

“ I for myself, my sea-girt self, am speaking,
And Canada—my Sister, is she dumb ?
On Europe's back the load of War is creaking,
And ever rolls the note of warning drum !
South Africa and Maoriland are seeking
Strong Pioneers—will Europe bid them come ?

“ This is mine Outlook !—clear and law-adjusted,
Embracing lands, O Europe, far from me ;

Know ye what Foes have world-dominion lusted—
 What dangers loom in mists of tragedy ?
 When Europe's sword at last has sheath-ward
 thrust,ed,
 Then shall her grip on Empire safer be !

“ I am the Land—the Land above all others
 Where men's ambitions, in their nobler flight,
 Bid White Men All be linked as mates and
 brothers—
 In God's high Name, why should the kinsmen
 fight ?
 Why should the grief of myriad wives and
 mothers
 Go up to God from Europe's battle-night ?

“ An end I call to all death-grips and slaughter—
 Ye Elder Lands, shall Reason call in vain ?
 Shall blood still flow as flows the mountain-water,
 When Nations walk the reeking paths of Pain ?
 Hear ye my Call—for I am Europe's Daughter,
 And I would be priestess in Reason's fane ! ”

*This land immense, in sheer extent and power—
 In sleeping strength, that yet shall valiant be ;
 This is her Song ! I know her Freedom-flower—
 Her chalice'd mouth, whose kiss spells liberty :
 This is her spirit, this her faith and dower—
 Shall Europe hear, beyond the circling sea ?*

MY MORNING ROSE

IN the morning, when I waken,
When the night is graveward taken,
And the dawn hangs on the hill-tops with its pomp
of bannered gold ;
In the dew-time
Comes a true time
When my garden sings Hosannah as its perfumed
choirs unfold !
In the morning—ah, the splendour
Of the sun-rise, flashing slender
Bars of light that swing triumphant as the new-
born planet glows ;
'Tis no sad time—
Ah, the glad time
When the dawn comes with the glory of my fragrant
morning rose !

From my window, vine-leaf clustered,
When the world is newly lustred,
And the birds among the tree-tops sing their glad
epiphany ;
From my place there
I can trace there
Singing flowers that lift their anthem to a God no
man may see !

And the flower that singeth sweetest
Is the rose—ah, bud that greetest
God and Life with hymns seraphic whilst the
dawn-lift's rapture shows,
Thou art splendid!—
Doubt is ended
When I hear the song exultant of my peerless
morning rose!

Woven sunlight, flower of glory—
Red thou art as when the lory
Flashes tree-ward to the Bushland where the wild
things cageless are;
Passion's flower—
Ah, the hour
When the buds are lightward breaking, and their
fragrant hearts unbar!
Bringest thou one thought regretful
To the soul that, once forgetful,
Lost the key that opens Heaven—key of joy that
ebbs and flows?
Nay, no grieving—
Faith is cleaving
In the hour that brings the splendour of my radiant
morning rose!

Yet and yet, when comes November
There's a flower I still remember—

Flower of love that opened gladly in the fragrant
years that were ;

Time brings sadness—

Yet with gladness

Still I keep the thoughts unspoken—ah, the
heart's own thoughts of her !

Who has loved has lived full measure—

Some there are who waste life's treasure,
Some who leave life's best behind them—ah, the
saddened heart that knows !

Just a woman,

Warm and human—

And I would dawn brought her kisses with my
mouth-red morning rose !

Wasted years of careless rapture

Come no more for man to capture—

“ *Come no more !* ” My Morning Flower lifteth
now no lip to me ;

Life is over

When the lover

Hears the heart that beats within him ring the
knell of Days to Be !

Yet and yet . . . the rose's splendour

Comes again with fragrance tender,

And the earth new-weaves the glories that lay
dead at summer's close ;

Sin earns sorrow—

Shall To-morrow

Bring me back my one true woman, bring me back
my Morning Rose ?

In the morning, shall I waken—

For the years have vengeance taken—

*Shall the dawn upon Life's hilltops hang with pomp
of bannered gold ?*

God, I care not—

For I dare not—

*When my garden breathes Hosannah, and its fragrant
choirs unfold !*

Truest Heart—she knew the splendour

Of the dawn-lift : and I send her

Just a song to go before her as a faithful lictor goes ;

Let it take her

From the Maker

*Just a breath of morning's glory caught from thee,
my Morning Rose !*

BALLAD OF JOCK McPHUN

THERE'S a bearded Scot that I know, God wot,
and a forthright man is he ;
And I think of him when the lights grow dim in
the lair of Smiff, M.P.
For we shipped lang syne where the winches whine
on the black Newcastle dyke ;
And we met last year by a Hobart pier, and I've
got the flaming spike !
By the Ganges stream goes his steel trireme to
Shem's old pagan land,
While I earn my crust as a Pressman must by the
toil of my inky hand.
A letter is here, and my heart draws near to the
Clyde's warm-fisted son ;
And a glass shall clink, though the Smiffs should
sink, to the letter of Jock McPhun !

'Tis a line or two from a Scotchman true—there's
a swift-scrawled word to say :
“ We are carting jute for our monthly loot 'twixt
Bristol and Bombay !
Are ye still a scribe for the feckless tribe that
wrestle with sport and beer ?

Will ye not come back to the ocean-track—ye
were meant for an engineer !

Are ye toiling still in the longshore mill with your
slaveling's ink and pen,

When ye might be free from the fool M.P., and
along with the Glasgie men ?

Will ye ne'er return to the sea, and earn your bread
as ye should have done ;

There's a job that waits—will ye leave your mates,
and yakker with Jock McPhun ?

“ We are steaming south from the Hoogly's mouth
when we're done with the flaming jute ;

Will ye sit ye down in the jawful town, or toil for
a greaser's loot ?

Do ye mind lang syne when ye spilt red wine in
the cursing Dago's face ;

When ye broke the back o' the Dago pack, and
littered the bawdy place ?

Do ye keep yon curl of the black-eyed girl ye knew
by the Plata shore ;

Is her ribbon lost that ye used to toast when we
drank in the nights of yore ?

Do ye not regret ye have left the sweat and the
steam where the engines run ?

Will ye not admit ye would rather sit with the
pagan Jock McPhun ?

“ Do ye mind the night o’ the Cardiff fight—ye
were wild and sinful then ;
Now ye waste your fist and your iron wrist with
traffie of paste and pen !
Ye were born to toil with spanner and oil—to tend
to the whirling screws ;
Now ye sit and write like a clerkling wight, and
dicker with cabled news !
Ye’re a hireling slave, and ye’re staid and grave
as ye toil in your inky den ;
Will ye not rise up from your longshore cup, and
turn to the trade of men ?
Will ye not come back to your heathen Mac—
will ye not return, my son ;
Ye were born to graft by the gland and shaft—
come back to your Jock McPhun ! ”

And I know, God wot, that the bearded Scot is
the man I wish to see ;
And I think of him when the light grow dim o’er
the blare of Smiff, M.P. !
For we met last year by the Hobart pier—and I
wish my fist might strike
In the palm of Jock where the wineches rock on
the black Newcastle dyke !
Shall his tramp-ship steam by the Derwent stream,
or lie by the Sydney Quay ?

(Now the Speaker nods) and the piston-rods sing
deep in the soul of me !

His letter is here—let him soon draw near ! To
the shaggy Glasgie son

Lo, a glass shall clink, for I rise and drink to the
Coming of Jock McPhun !

WHEN THE SHODDY IDOLS GO

TRUER faith this nation needeth—we shall build
the Commonweal
When the larger Creed succeedeth and the ancient
idols reel !
Man who marches through the ages leaves behind
him changing creeds ;
From his day's swift-turning pages finer truth
and wisdom reads !
For the Past with galling shackle binds the prisoned
soul of man,
And its priests with cunning tackle, strangle Pro-
gress for a span !
But new hymns of adoration in our hearts are
breathing low ;
And this Land shall be a Nation when the Shoddy
Idols go !

We have bowed to idols olden, mumbled creeds
of dumb despair ;
Swinging censers rich and golden we have climbed
the altar stair !
But the Truth that will not slumber, woke our
hearts with sudden pain,

And our father's joss is lumber that we pass in
new disdain !
Man who drags his old gods slowly through the
everlasting years,
Spurns at last each image holy, and his prayers
are changed to jeers !
So our fathers dragged Tradition over seas, and
bended low—
Fails the last, lone superstition when their Shoddy
Idols go !

Thought and Will—these make the Nation, for
the courage of the soul
Stirs the flesh with jubilation when its faith is
strong and whole !
Wherefore we shall doubt no longer—doubt is
handmaid unto Death ;
Find ye creeds of Truth and stronger, thus the
law eternal saith !
And this land is Truthward turning in these new,
aspiring days—
When the hearts of men are burning, clear the path,
unbar the ways !
And they see the newer dawning—signs are these
that plainly show
That the sepulchre is yawning where the Shoddy
Idols go.

Stronger faith this land requireth—with the soul
as well as steel,
With the Truth that man desireth we shall build
the Commonweal !
Man who marches through the ages leaves dead
creeds and faiths behind ;
And To-morrow's priests and sages will not crucify
the Mind !
For the Past with fetters galling strangled Thought
upon her bier,
But the sound of idols falling echoes loudly in
mine ear !
Hail ! New hymns of jubilation in our hearts
now swing and glow ;
And this land shall be a Nation when the Shoddy
Idols go !

A SONG OF MEN AND WOMEN

JUST a song of men and women, very mixed and
very human :

Some are good and some are wicked, some are
drunk and on the spree ;

Some are rich and some are beggars, some are
cripples—wooden-leggers—

But the state of their finances doesn't matter
much to me !

'Tis a motley crowd that passes ; some are wise
and some are asses,

Some are thieves and some are bishops ; some abhor
the name of Beer ;

Some are proud and some are humble, some were
born to whine and grumble—

All the same, they're Men and Women, and I lift
their anthem here !

What is sin, and who are sinners ? Give us all
six-shilling dinners,

Give us motors and we're moral—yea, the bishops
will not frown ;

It is righteous to be wealthy, but 'tis sinful to be
healthy,

And the saddest kind of sinner is the man without
a "brown."

As for woman, sister woman, she, alas ! is all too
human,

And her sins are coloured scarlet, and are dreadful
as can be ;

Yet the harridan that curses and the dames with
golden purses

Have a likeness, now and always, which indeed
impresses me.

And the longer I am living finds me more and
more forgiving—

I forgive mine own offences with the sins of other
men ;

Why be nasty, sour and snappy ? Even kings
are sometimes happy,

And I'm pleased when shovelling language with
a large, persistent pen !

Sin infests the empty pocket ; life's a kind of
whizzing rocket—

Some may slump and some may fizzle, others
soar across the sky ;

Why be cross with one for failing, when the other's
star-ward sailing ?

Blame the erring Powder-mixer ; do not ask the
rocket Why ?

God, who loads each human rocket, fits the stick
unto the socket—

Skilled is He in pyrotechnics, so the worthy bishops
say ;

And the statesman, proudly soaring, whilst the
drunk is loudly snoring,

Thinks himself no common fire-work, as he whizzes
on his way ;

Yet the drunk who's damped his powder might
have been a rocket prouder—

Might have whizzed yards nearer Heaven, knocking
fragments off the stars ;

As it is, he claws the pewter—God, the Master
Rocket-shooter,

Hath appointed him to fizzle, so he slumps through
many bars !

Hence it is that man must suffer, while we spurn
him as a duffer ;

We would all be sucking Cæsars, were we shaped
that special way ;

And each wrangling sect or schism simply loads
its precious 'ism

With the tons of perished figments in Creation's
rubbish-dray !

Critics snarl and parsons wrangle, Kate is pleased
with brooch or bangle,

Beer for Bill and port for baron, so the world of
humans goes ;
Groan no more, O frail repentor—God's the Chief
Experimenter,
And the Hand that paints the sunset also paints
the drunkard's nose !

Here's a song of men and women—very mixed,
this song, and human,
But in moments philosophic this is how things
seem to me ;
God, who makes the rich and beggars, also shapes
the wooden-leggers,
And the Hand that builds the bishop sets the
drunk upon the spree !
So this motley crowd that passes, with its tangled
creeds and classes,
Seems to me a thing of wonder, as I lift my vesper
Beer ;
You are proud and I am humble, motors hoot
and hearses rumble—
*All the same, we're Men and Women, and I'm
mighty glad we're Here !*

KIDS

HI, there, TOMMY, get your rifle ! Yes, we know
you're small a trifle,
But you've got to leave your marbles, and must
learn to hump a gun.
Whilst your Dad is at the races, backing "stiff-
ened" mokes for places,
You must learn to be a soldier—Shoulder arms !
Step lively ! 'Shun !
Brother BILL is playing cricket ; whilst he's busy
at the wicket,
Whilst he's fooling round in flannels, you must
learn to be a Man ;
You're Australia's sole defender, though you're
weak and mighty tender,
You must hump Australia's burden—that's this
nation's splendid plan !

Uncle JIM is pigeon-shooting, brother JACK is
football-rooting—
Hear the cheering and the jeering, whilst you
learn your bit of drill.
There's a row that calls for hoeing ; whilst the
"half-time" beers are flowing,

You are "forming fours" and marching—hear
the umpire's whistle shrill!

Brother BILL is bravely batting, making runs
along the matting;

Dad is cursing mokes and bookies, tearing tickets
as he goes;

Whilst the slaughtered pigeons flutter o'er the
jerking trap and shutter—

You alone are getting ready for To-morrow's
certain foes!

BILL the mighty, BILL the hero, seems to me to
slump to zero—

You're the only Man Who Matters, though you're
very small and young;

In these days when peace grows brittle, march
the soldiers extra-little—

And I reckon brother WILLIAM might as well be
drowned or hung!

Uncle JIM the pigeon-shooter, brother JACK the
football-rooter—

They're a pair of service-dodgers, ne'er a drill
prescribed for *them*;

Also, Dad, the pony-backer, he's a useless sort of
slacker,

You're the only White Australian on the nation's
job *pro tem.*!

All the rest are dodging service ; very strong to
me their nerve is—

“Sports” are they, whose frenzied worship hath
no sacramental frill ;

Horse and football, dog and cricket—yea, their
altar is the wicket,

And a special sort of halo floats above the sainted
BILL !

Whilst the manhood of the nation yells its wrath
or approbation,

Whilst the umpire streaks for shelter, only TOMMY
humps his gun ;

BILL and JACK have got no rifles, can't be bothered
with such trifles—

So the school-kid serves Australia whilst the sands
eternal run !

Yea, the cheerful kid goes tramping whilst the
football herds are stamping—

He is marching back and forwards whilst his
elder brethren play ;

Whilst the kid is marching slicker, Uncle JAMES,
the pigeon-sticker,

Murders poultry like a Christian every blessed
Saturday !

Dad likewise pursues the ponies—very sad his
vesper groan is,

“Never backed a blasted winner,” and his cash
supports the Yids ;

Whilst the football fools are braying, seems to me
Australia’s saying :

“*Since my manhood’s cheap and worthless, I must
put my trust in kids !*”

THE BUCCANEERS

THE hansoms slur through the London mud, and
the Bank of England leers
Like a fat old thief where their hoof-beats thud
—all hail to the Buccaneers !

A thunder of waves goes swirling aft, and the
punkah swings at noon ;

For a man shall live by his fighting-craft—not
feed from a nurse's spoon !

And the world cries out for the fighting-men, for
the pirates stout and lean ;

Lo, the weaklings toil with a clerkly pen, dumb
cogs in the great machine !

But the pirates sail for the distant lands, and the
liner swings and veers ;

Yea, a man shall win with his brains and hands—
all hail to the Buccaneers !

I heard the chime of the temple-bells, and a cable
came at noon,

And I heard the distant broker's yells in London
from old Rangoon.

The " wireless " splutters from ship to ship, with
a message of stocks and shares,

And the pirate fights with a tightened lip in the
battle of bulls and bears !

His orders flash for a thousand miles, and a war-
shout fierce and strange
Goes forth o' nights through the star-filled aisles
to the lords of the Stock Exchange !
For woman may call but men must dare, so the
forthright viking steers ;
And the cable croons in its ocean-lair, " All hail
to the Buccaneers ! "

There are code-books thumbed in old Bombay,
and the price of copper and tin
Is conned with care where the punkahs sway and
the grey shark shows his fin.
Slim cables slipping from sea to sea, long ships
with their lights aglow ;
And the Morse must chatter with rattling key
when the pirates whisper low !
For wealth means women—and woman and wine
are part of a man's desire ;
So the pirate stands to the firing-line with the
earth in his fighting-hire !
The patient drones in the London hive loaf through
the dull brown years,
But they loudly sing who plot and strive—All
hail to the Buccaneers !

The bells may summon to evening prayer, but
there's death in the priest's refrain ;

And we bow in desert and city square to the ancient
Gods of Gain !

The clamouring wheels that claw the track breathe
an anthem fierce and new ;

And the pirate's bags are swift to pack when the
call comes whistling through !

Yea, Solomon's ships from olden Tyre bore spoils
for the kingly feast ;

And a man still thrills with the same desire, and
he ravages West and East !

'Tis a thieving world, where a Man must live no
matter who doubts or fears ;

And this is the song that the ages give—*All hail
to the Buccaneers !*

DUTTON'S GRAVE

A whaling-station was established at Portland, Victoria, by Captain William Dutton, in 1828, years before either the Hentys or John Pascoe Fawkner crossed over from Tasmania. Dutton was the first native-born Australian to navigate a vessel from this country to the Thames. His grave lies neglected at Narrawong, on the shores of Portland Bay.

Who sings of Drake and Devon, of battle-drums
of Spain ;
Of ships they sank in warfare upon the Spanish
Main ?
Well-woven are their ballads of Captains Gone
Below—
The strong corsairs of England, who sailed from
Plymouth Hoe !
Proud-chanted songs of Raleigh, whose cloak the
Virgin Queen
Trode underfoot in ancient days when swords had
edge and sheen !
In songs right-brave and royal Drake's blades and
banners wave ;
Where is Our Hero's anthems—the Psalm of Dut-
ton's Grave ?

For Drake wreath bays and laurel—yea, all the
pirate crew

Who followed Drake

For England's sake

Through all the storms that blew !

Give unto all his Captains their meed of singers'
praise,

Who chased the Don

In years ago

By all the western cays !

Be proud of these O Britain, if still thy strength
remain—

Thou owest them

Thy diadem

Upon the Spanish Main !

Here also rings an anthem—one storm-song of
the brave ;

Caught from the surge

On ocean's verge,

It booms o'er Dutton's Grave !

We have our Captains, England—sails of the
native-born

Topped rolling seas when towards the Thames they
cleared the frozen Horn.

We have our Sons Courageous—thy last sea
buccaneer

Perchance may come from 'neath the Cross when
ships for action clear !

When drums of Drake no longer have power to
stir thy heart,

Perchance this Land's armadas shall guard thy
ocean-mart !

Drake sank with flashing sword-edge, last pillowed
'neath the wave ;

I hear the croon of cordage o'er this storm-hallowed
grave !

He sleeps beside the Harbour—our Sea-Gate of the
South ;

 This pioneer

 Who was a seer,

 And spake with bearded mouth !

He said : “ Let men come after—my whaling days
are done ;

 Yet shall this Bay

 Hold seaward sway,

 And hear the nooning gun !

Then shall its ships go bravely ”— Alas ! few
think of thee,

 Who found this gate

 In '28—

Thou sleeper by the Sea !

From far Antarctic spaces, winds raking cliff and
cave,

By ocean's hem
Sing requiem
O'er Captain Dutton's Grave !

These are the years, O England, when prudent
Commerce steers ;

Thine Empire's given over to fat land-buccaneers !
The Brave Man rules no longer—the Drakes and
Duttons all

Must yield their dreams of glory when sceptred
traders call !

Strange are thine Empire's masters—in Britain
and the South,

Greed's talons long and hungry have stopped the
statesman's mouth !

Thou hadst thy Sons Courageous—behold ! in last
conclave

Thine hucksters sit triumphant, and mock the
hero's grave !

*Yet . . . Songs of Drake and Devon, of battle drums
of Spain ;*

*Of ships that sank,
In battle-rank
May stir thy soul again !*

*So weave thrice-splendid ballads of Captains Gone
Below—*

The old corsairs

Whose ocean-lairs

Lie far from Plymouth Hoe !

*Then chant good songs of Raleigh, and of the Virgin
Queen ;*

Brave men long mute—

They won the loot,

Their swords were long and keen !

*In songs thrice brave and royal, let Drake's red
banners wave ;*

Here in this Land

SOME understand,

The tale of Dutton's Grave !

THE TOWN OF GOD-FORGOTTEN

THERE's a town I know that slumbers in a sort of
dumb despair,
Where the Chow who grows cucumbers cries
“ Whaffor ? ” within his lair !
For the Christian and the heathen hear the Door
of Progress slam,
Whilst in cities large and seethin' no one cares a
single damn !
In that hamlet things are lifeless, and no mills and
foundries roar
In that village calm and strifeless, which in sleep
exclaims “ Whaffor ? ”
 'Tis the town of God-forgotten,
 Where all things are slumber-sotten,
And the jackass on the gable seems to groan the
word “ Whaffor ? ”

There's a town out west where farmers curse the
uselessness of farms ;
Where the mortgage leaps and clamours and the
interest-bill alarms ;
There the people, tired and scopeless, seem to wait
the Judgment Day—

They are jaded, sad and hopeless, so they drift the
time away !

There they do not drain the flagon, for the pub is
tired as well ;

And the wheat rots on the wagon, and all things
resemble Hell !

'Tis the town of No-One-Knows-It,

Where no hearty voice says "*Prosit !*"

Where the landscape quakes in mirage, and all
things resemble Hell !

There's a town out there where Sunday seems the
ghost of Saturday,

And where Thursday looks like Monday, and all
earthly things decay !

'Tis a place where weary Woman cooks the meals
for shabby Man—

Yea, a place accurst, inhuman, and it lives beneath
a ban.

There the children sit reflective, tired and vimless
on the floor ;

And the earth with voice collective seems to ask
the stars " Whaffor ? "

That's the town of God-forgotten,

Where the heart of things is rotten,

And the universal spirit seems to shout aloud
" Whaffor ? "

There's a town where nothing alters, where the
world looks dull and mean—

Where the Younger Manhood falters as it dreams of
Might-Have-Been !

There the girls each year grow older, but the mar-
riage-trade is done ;

And the church roofs sag and moulder, and there
is not any fun !

One by one the young men, drifting, leave that
broken town behind—

'Tis the Younger Manhood shifting with a vexed,
uneasy mind !

From the town of Given-Over

Drifts the hopeless, jobless lover,

And the devil Disappointment stokes Gehenna in
his mind !

There's a town that groans and ponders as it leans
beside the plough—

“ Jones and Smith both promised wonders, but will
Smith Do Something now ? ”

Thus the elders sadly question, but no answer echoes
there ;

or the Party of Congestion holds its member by
the hair !

Jones and Smith in dull succession walk the legisla-
tive floor—

Yea, they maunder through each session whilst
electors groan “ Whaffor ? ”

 In the town of God-forgotten,
 Jones and Smith seem sloth-besotten.
And the man behind the wheat stack asks his
perished grain “ Whaffor ? ”

There’s a town where Death is weary, where the
tombstones seldom rise—

And the undertakers query, “ Tell to us why no one
dies ? ”

There the hearse begins to crumble, and the plumes
droop in despair ;

Whilst the coffin-makers grumble and accuse the
healthy air !

“ Somethin’s wrong,” they groan together—which,
indeed, is very true ;

But the blame is tied a-tether with the Great Con-
gestion Crew !

 ’Tis the distant Traffic-Fakir

 Who destroys the coffin-maker—

All are tied in dreary bondage to the Great Conges-
tion Crew !

There’s a town—ah, well, it slumbers by its wheat
stacks in despair ;

And the Chow who vends cucumbers yells “ Whaf-
for ? ” each summer there !

Nothing moves and nothing matters—Sydney's
deaf and far away ;

So the population scatters, and the pleasant girls
grow grey !

In that village Love seems worthless, and each
woman at her door

Hears the landscape's echo mirthless to her heart's
refrain : “ Whaffor ? ”

Joyless town of God-forgotten—

What a crime is here begotten,

*When the women's hearts are broken, and their dead
hopes cry “ Whaffor ? ”*

PORTLAND BAY (VICTORIA)

*“ HAS any man beheld, by cliff or coast,
The Ships of My Desire—their pennons streaming?
Here at mine Open Gate
I dwell alone, and wait—
Where is Prosperity?—long dead and lost—
In vain I pray for statesmen and redeeming!”*
I hear the Harbour sighing for the Ships That
Never Come—
The ships that pass her by with smoke-wreaths
trailing;
Sings the Seaport so to me,
And the protest of the sea
Thunders loudly, but none heareth—all the hearts
of men are numb,
And . . . Portland Bay is shipless and her yearn-
ings unavailing!

Her waters wait for Commerce in the South—
Her mile-long piers, that call in vain for Argos;
The people dream and die,
For sail and steam go by—
Greed, alas! and ancient Cunning—they have
stopped the Statesman's mouth,
And a Single Seaport swallows ships and cargoes!

ONE over-crowded City, where Too Many People
dwell—

One octopus that battens on its plunder ;
Crowded piers and water-way—
Silent, shipless Portland Bay,

O Lord, will ne'er a Statesman ring the Vampire
City's knell,

And wake the Nation's soul ere All Goes
Under ?

The Lighthouse flashes lonely o'er the sea—

Strange rays, that gleam in vain and surely
wasted ;

The passing of the years,
And the rotting of the piers—

Lord, are men crazed, and under ban of Thee ?—

What does this Sea-Lamp here—what madman's
jest has placed it ?

For the shipless Harbour slumbers, and its piers
exist in vain—

Thrice-damned is Portland Bay by “states-
men's ” orders ;

Who will avenge the crime ?—

Swift comes the Voting-Time,

Pass, “statesmen ” all, with scurvy gods of
Gain—

This Land, in place of ye, needs *more* Asylum-
Warders !

*“ Has any man beheld a madder host—
Are These the Land’s Desire, their jawbones wav-
ing ?*

*A crazed Asylum-Team,
So . . . I slumber here, and dream—
My Ocean Gate is Empty, and the ancient ghost
Of Vanished Trade is stalking ’midst their Rav-
ing ! ”*

Who hears the Sea-Gate’s Question ?—for the Ships
of Her Desire

Still pass far-off, with smoke-wreaths trailing ;
From the howling M.L.A.

This is certain—Portland Bay
Calls for Justice, but that brain-disordered choir
Still continues wrecking seaports—Prayers Like
Hers Are Naught Availing !

THE WESTERN ROAD

THERE'S a Road goes west o' Sydney, o'er the
rugged mountain-tiers ;

But the Nation is not marching—Progress stands
by Sydney's piers !

For Her feet are chained and shackled, and She
looks with yearning eyes

Towards the Road that stretches westward, where
Australia's future lies !

Progress waits in ancient shackles—

They have tied Her there with tackles,

While the Western Road is calling, Progress beats
Her breast and sighs !

There's another Road that stretches from a City by
the sea ;

But I hear that Nation marching—Progress there
is fair and free !

Though Her eager feet were fettered for a hundred
galling years,

Progress gained at last Her freedom, and She
crossed the mountain-tiers !

Progress passed the Hudson River—

Now the steel-mills clang and quiver,

While that Western Road is roaring with the freight
that seeks the piers !

When that Road led west of Harlem, west o' Broad-
way and the quays,
Lo, the thund'ring mills of Pittsburg flung their
challenge over-seas !
Progress, freed from olden bondage, towards the
future led the way ;
And the Men Who Followed After built the mighty
U.S.A.

They were Makers, Nation-Makers—
They were strong tradition-breakers,
And the Road they built from Harlem ends at San
Francisco Bay !

There's a Road goes west o' Sydney, but our by-
gone, shameless seers
Bade this Nation cease from marching, chaining
Progress by the piers !
So . . . it's time we broke Her fetters—ancient
fetters that corrode
It is time we paid the gaolers the blood-debt we long
have owed.

For Her eyes are westward yearning—
It is time for fetich-spurning,
And the Nation's freights should thunder on Aus-
tralia's Western Road !

BALLAD OF EXILE

GOD's flag's unfurled ! His banner of the stars
Hangs down the shining, wind-swept vault of ever-
lasting Heaven ;

And here, shut in as by a prison's bars,
My heart becomes a singing loom for thoughts of
thee to weave in !

O little one, whose rose-red trembling mouth
Breathes kisses sweet across the leagues that lie so
grim between us ;

It weaves for thee—far in the distant south—
Thoughts like the thoughts of lonely Mars when reft
of his dear Venus !

That goddess fair, born of the silver foam,
Had eyes like thine—lit with the rays of love's star-
blazing splendour ;

And, like a ceaseless, swinging metronome,
My heart athwart the measured miles throbs forth
its homage tender !

My far-off love ! from some Cythera's isle
Thou art in these new Pagan days like young
Astarte risen ;

And all the gods, to win thy blessed smile,
Would leave their proud Olympic home to make
thine arms their prison !

To know thine amorous arms and close-pressed
lips—

To know thy deep, fire-pulsing love and all its
nameless glory ;

Were cause enough to launch the fighting ships,
And light a blood-red battle-flame on each sea
promontory !

Some call them fools—who fought for ancient
Troy—

But I, who know thine honeyed kiss—I know far
better ;

To spend with thee one hour of fervent joy
Were worth all else—worth death's eclipse and
pain's Promethean fetter !

We who have swooned with love's most sweet
excess—

Whose hearts have heard the singing stars lift up
their chant elysian ;

We know why Troy was sacked—yea, I confess
I'd fight the leaguered world for thee, my goddess
neo-Grecian !

My life I'd give—a thing of little worth—
To win you back, O star-eyed love, were you from
me thief-taken ;

Red war I'd wage against the blazing earth—
For hearts run o'er with bitterness when lips are
lip-forsaken !

Remember, love, the dear undying days—
 The days when heart cried out to heart and soul on
 soul lay beating ;
 These are the things that set the Troys
 ablaze—
 That lift on high the gleaming blades and set the
 steel flesh-eating !
 Oh, woman's love ! Oh, strange and mystic
 spell,
 What fighting thoughts thou stirrest up—red flame
 each brain-cell flashes ;
 O bond electric, Time's strong manacle—
 When thou art broken, hope decays and life's but
 grief and ashes !

In exile here and far, O love, from thee—
 Far from the breast whereon my head in days of
 yore found haven ;
 I breathe a prayer, a strong man's litany—
 No moan of pale, ascetic priest with cowlèd fore-
 head shaven ;
 It is the song of fierce, tempestuous love—
 Of hope and fear that shake my soul as with the
 storm's dread thunder ;
 Hear it, ye stars that shine like eyes above—
 Are all her heart's dear thoughts of me ? Ah,
 gods of mine, I wonder !

For we were born to fare forth hand in hand—
Were born, O love, to walk through life and on to
death together ;

Unlike that long-dead Venus—fickle, bland—
Thou art not swayed as sways the wind the light,
inconstant feather !

Safe in thy soul I know I have my place—
I know that for thine exile's kiss thy heart, dear
one, is lonely ;

Oh, but to see thy lovely, tear-wet face,
As here beneath the stars I stand and swear I love
You Only !

WALKERS!

Walkers Limited, of Maryborough, completed one desirable century, the other day, when it turned out its hundredth locomotive made for the Bananaland Government.

THIS is a ballad of Walkers, fashioned with much applause—

While the land was burdened with Talkers, working their facile jaws ;

Weeping at loss of their nigger ; crying to south and north,

Walkers, with skill and vigour, were sending their engines forth !

While Kidston and Philp were sounding tocsins of wrath and war,

Walkers were busy pounding the steel by the furnace door.

Smiting with strong steam-hammers, toiling with lathe and drill—

Walkers, amidst the clamours, stuck to their business still

Boring the cylinders truly, forging the throws and shafts—

Hail, says the Creed raised newly—hail to the hand that grafts !

Shaping the drawbars squarely, turning the pistons
true ;
Seating the slide-valves fairly—labour of brain
and thew !
Engine and linked tender, taking the tracks with
ease ;
Hail to the hands that render services such as these !
Hail to the smith and draftsman, raising the
engines tall ;
Cheers for the faithful craftsman—cheers for the
workers all !

Rivet and chuck and spanner—iron and brass and
steel ;
These are the White Man's banner, flag of the
Commonweal !
Planer and vice and hammer, anvil and flaming
forge—
These with their strength a-clamour have levelled
the mountain-gorge !
Binding the lands together, fastening North to
South ;
Dragging with steel-strong tether food for the
workers' mouth !
Helping Australia forward—yea, in the blood-red
day,
Aiding the Nation war-ward, paving the Nation's
way !

This, then, a ballad of Walkers, I for Australia
sing ;

Not of the countless Talkers flapping a ceaseless
wing !

A psalm for the craftsmen loyal, launching the
engines true—

A chant for the breed right-royal, for the name-
less foundry crew !

Simply an anthem votive, merely a Mateship's
call ;

Hail to the Locomotive—Hail to the Builders
All !

Riveters, hammerers, caulkers—workers of each
degree—

I sing you this ballad of Walkers—a song in a
major key.

HOME!

THERE's a New Land—'tis a true Land, Home we
raise with axe and harrow,
Fields we plough with shining coulters and with
mold-boards thrusting free :
Reaping harvests, rich and golden, by the strength
of spinal marrow—
Few the eyes that turn regretful towards the
Old Lands over-sea !
Dread dominions, whence our fathers fled in years
of bitter sorrow—
Now we labour for the Future, and by forge
and furnace-glow
Men shall know that We are striving for the Har-
vests of To-morrow—
Home is here, and wisdom bids us let the old
Delusions go !
There's a Lone Land—'tis our own Land, hear
it calling for our service,
While the clang of mill and dockyard thunders
loud from over-sea ;
Are ye working ? Are ye helping ?—Combat-
thrilled each vibrant nerve is :
Are ye fighting for Australia with the axe-blade
swinging free ?

'Tis a Land that calls for Builders—ye may serve
in Toil's apparel,
And the Man Behind the Anvil beats as well the
Nation's drum ;
Yea, the Hand that Drives the Furrow also grips
the rifle-barrel,
And prepares a Home Worth Having for the
Children Yet to Come !

There's a White Land—'tis a bright Land, filled
with light and glowing shadow—
Land of gladness, Land of glory, turning ship-
wise to the sea ;
Home of all that lifts and lightens—'tis the White
Man's El Dorado,
Where the withes of vain tradition break and
leave a people free !
Morn and noon and gleaming sunset—times are
these, methinks, for prayer—
Prayers all-thankful for the guerdon of our price-
less Commonweal ;
Work is worship, life means labour—turning backs
upon Despair,
Swing the axe and drive the furrow, gripping
hard the stubborn steel !

There's a Vast Land—hold it fast, Land, hold it
firm for Those who Follow,

For the Children—aye, Our Children and the
Better Days to Come ;
In the days when belts are tightened, when the
cheeks of men grow hollow,
Every heart shall throb an echo to the Nation's
battle-drum !
Every axe-stroke helps to hold it, every anvil,
every hammer—
For the Home-Land of the Children, give the
best of brain and thew ;
*Lord, I hear the clearest anthem where Australia's
forges clamour,
And the anvils preach with vigour Creeds of Work
for Me and You !*

THE VOICE OF GOD

THERE is a Master-Voice I hear
Upon the everlasting hills ;
A thunder-cry which rocks the sphere,
And shakes the stars on Heaven's sills !
It is the voice of mighty God,
Commanding Space and ruling Time ;
Reverberating from the sod
In stellar tones and chords sublime.

Whene'er I falter in my tread,
I hear a mighty battle-hymn ;
God's guiding Voice rings overhead
Like some war-trumpet rolling grim !
It is His Voice which strengthens me,
As with the strength of rampart-hills ;
And I march on to victory
With twice ten thousand Cæsar-wills.

God's Master-Voice commands my soul—
It bids me lift the standard high,
That men may seek a nobler goal,
And spurn the pleasures of the sty.
It bids me grip Australia's sword,
And be Her champion for aye ;
That she perchance may call me Lord—
And lift Her mouth to mine One Day !

As when the circling, satrap stars
Revolve about their central sun,
So I would be a blazing Mars,
Round whom the lesser souls should run.
Not from the source of vain desire
I draw that ever-burning thought ;
But that my flood of quenchless fire
Should bid them blaze as planets ought !

The Master-Voice proceeds from One
Who is the solar archetype ;
From those strong Hands the worlds are spun—
He sears the gloom with lightning-stripe !
And round that Spirit meteors roll—
The matchless stars of History ;
The vassals of the Over-Soul
Which rules for all Eternity !

The central soul of God illumines
The mysteries of life and death ;
The process of the marching dooms
Is but the deep, throne-stirring breath
Of that unguessed Infinitude
Which stretches through unchartered space,
Toward that sphere-set latitude
Where God reveals His shining face !

And I proclaim the Over-God,
Who bids the world march bravely on ;
Who notes the way the Christs have trod
Beyond the priests' vain horizon !
I hear His Voice—I know 'tis He
Who grips the universe, and steers
This cargo of humanity
Across the trackless sea of years !

I am His Prophet—sent before
To bid mankind replace their trust
In Him who wages endless war
Against the ranks of the Unjust !
It is His Master-Voice I hear
Upon these everlasting hills ;
*Hear ye God's cry of faith and cheer—
And March Ye On with steadfast Wills !*

THE OLD COLONIAL DAYS

The greatest change which Federation is bringing about in the character of Australian politics is that, while in the old colonial days the people of each State lived almost wholly in the present, and rarely looked beyond their borders except to negotiate a loan, representatives and voters alike are now becoming conscious of the fact that the country is responsible for its actions before the world.—*London TIMES*, on "*Australian Ideals*," November 20, 1908.

THEY are dead, those days of drifting—
Proud this Nation's eyes are lifting,
They are fixed upon the future, on a goal that shines
afar.
Gone the days of spendthrift madness,
Dead the days of sloth and badness—
We have hitched Australia's wagon to a new,
bright-blazing star!
With an everlasting tether
Lo! we've tied these States together—
We have turned our backs on COHEN and the old,
loan-cadging ways;
For a People white and leal
We have found a New Ideal—
Hear Australia's great heart singing: "Damn the
Old Colonial Days!"

Days for us of bitter sorrow—
Days when “ Statesman ” meant “ I borrow ”—
But we’ve raised a New Religion on this land’s
loan-blasted shore ;
From Cape York unto the Leeuwin
We have shed the creed of ruin—
We have sworn to save Australia, and our days of
doubt are o’er ;
We, the Younger Generation,
Fling our curse and execration
At the breed that pawned our birthright—’tis a
breed that fast decays ;
We, the Younger Set, are grafting,
Hear the roar of forge and shafting—
’Tis the requiem of dead Folly—of the Old Colonial
Days !

Gracious land, wax strong and stronger !
See ! thy children slouch no longer,
Hear their anvils, how they clamour—hammering
hymns of destiny ;
Hearts of gold, all done with shirking—
For this land’s dear sake all working—
Soon our ships in line of battle shall patrol the
southern sea !
Conscious now, we toil all eager—
Thus the Ape shall lift his leaguer

When Australia's roaring cannon thunder past our
 caples and bays ;

As the Greeks rolled back HYDARNES,

Lo, this breed in fighting harness

Shall blot out at last the badness of the Old Colonial
 Days !

We, the scribes who cursed the shirkers,

Long have called for strong Berserkers—

Lo, at last ye stir, O workers, and our hearts beat
 high with glee ;

Long the years of fierce beseeching—

Harsh our voices, battle-preaching—

But at last Australia hearkens, mills a-chant with
 industry !

Blot them out, the old State borders—

Fast they die, the fool-disorders—

Aye, the old tradition passes ; hopelessly each
 WADE now brays ;

We, One People, stand together—

We, who tied these States a-tether,

Rattle clods upon the coffin of the Old Colonial Days !

They have passed—their Credo scorning,

Lo, we face towards the morning—

Face the work that lies before us, slogging on
 with giant wills ;

We have slain the gods of shoddy—

Pledging soul and pledging body.

Now we graft to shift the wreckage of their I O U's
and bills !

Living only in the present,

Life for them was very pleasant—

We, their offspring, load our dollars in King
COHEN's shekel drays ;

But the task is worth the trouble—

Up ! Australians, at the double :

Let us settle all the loan-bills of the Old Colonial
Days !

For they're dead, those Days of Drifting,

But their old P.N.'s need shifting—

*Let us toil then for the future, for the goal that shines
afar.*

Past the days of sweat and sadness

Lie the years of lasting gladness—

*Let us haul Australia's wagon towards the new bright-
blazing star ;*

With a will that knows no breaking,

We have started Nation-making—

*We have turned our backs on folly and the bad old
drunken ways ;*

For a people white and leal

We have raised a new ideal—

*And we sing a newer chorus : " Hail the New
Australian Days ! "*

A VISIT FROM THE ZOO

The Parliamentary visit to the Zoological Gardens has been postponed.—*News item.*

THE elephant said gloomily, "What are we coming to ?

A plague of coves in Parliament is threatening the Zoo !

For years we've been respectable—I think we're falling low

When disrespected Fusionists invade our decent show !

Why should these noisy animals come here to look at me ?

I think we're all superior to Wilks and Smith, M.P. !
I vote that we investigate. Let's plainly see who's who "——

The tiger roared : "I advocate a visit from the Zoo !"

"I think your scheme is excellent," the Polar bear replied ;

"We're all agreed—unanimous," the lion promptly cried ;

"Let's go and look at Parliament before it looks at us "——

“ That’s right ! ” observed the apteryx and solemn platypus.

The leopard yawned, and lazily he said : “ I think we’ll go.

My dear,” he purred to Mrs. L., “ let’s see this talking show ! ”

“ I’ll lead the way,” said cheerfully the cynic kangaroo.

“ Line up, you blokes—we’re starting on a visit from the Zoo ! ”

And so the gloomy elephant lined up beside the bear ;

And all the apes and monkey folk likewise assembled there !

The tall giraffe disdainfully stepped out beside the gnu—

The lynx lamenting tearfully, “ He’ll spoil the blessed view ! ”

“ Shut up ! ” replied the antelope. “ I’m sure you’ll see it all ;

It ain’t his fault he’s angular and very lean and tall ! ”

“ Keep quiet there, you blatherskites ! ” exclaimed the angry ’roo,

“ Or else the cops will spificate this visit from the Zoo ! ”

'Twas thus the folks zoological stepped softly side
by side,

Until the doors of Parliament they saw before them
wide !

The bobby at the orifice fell down and took a fit.
The elephant said gloomily, "He isn't hurt a
bit.

We're here, young man, as visitors, to see the
talking-show ;

We're peaceful and respectable—direct us where to
go ! "

"Amen ! Just stir and shift yourself," observed
the kangaroo ;

"This way," the pale attendant said, "Er—Per-
sons from the Zoo ! "

Within the House a hurricane of jaw was raging
loud ;

So, unobserved, the visitors sat down—a peaceful
crowd !

The elephant, astonished, said, "There is a pal of
mine ! "

"Shut up," the 'roo said, solemnly ; "that's only
old Bill Lyne ! "

"What is that substance circular ? " the tiger
whispered low ;

"That's Reid," replied the platypus ; "I know him
—old Yes-No ! "

“ Ah, yes,” the lynx said, plaintively, “ *he* had a Tiger, too.”

“ That Tiger’s burst,” the leopard said ; “ he’s left this blooming Zoo ! ”

The elephant said, wearily : “ Who’s that who snarls so loud ? ”

“ It’s Joseph Cook,” replied the ’roo ; “ he runs the Fusion crowd ! ”

“ And who’s the noble orator who talks so large and fine ? ”

“ That’s Deakin,” said the kangaroo, “ the man without a spine ! ”

“ Gee-whiz ! ” exclaimed the blue-tailed ape, “ a miracle is he ;

I guess it’s out along with us that fellow ought to be ! ”

“ *Remember !* We’re respectable,” protested then the gnu ;

“ We want no Deakins raising dust around our decent Zoo.”

“ There’s something here,” the tiger said, “ that rather puzzles me ;

It’s like a monstrous icicle that looms portentously,”

“ That’s Iceberg Irvine, don’t you know ? ” the kangaroo replied ;

“ Observe that sad catastrophe upon the other side !

’Tis Mister Johnson—fearsomely his tongue is prone to wag ;

A most perfervid waver of the blessed Hempire flag ! ”

“ I’ve heard of him,” the tiger said. “ Now, blimey, tell us who

Has captured all these quadrupeds that rage within this Zoo ? ”

The elephant said gloomily, “ I think we’ve had enough :

Our Zoo contains no quadrupeds with hides one half as tough ” ;

“ The noise they make is horrible,” the lion sadly moaned ;

The Polar bear said, dismally, “ I vote they be disowned ;

We cannot have such animals out there disturbing us.”

“ However do they catch such things ? ” inquired the platypus.

“ They snare them with the ballot box,” replied the kangaroo.

“ Look out ! ” exclaimed the pelican, “ let’s leave this turbid Zoo ! ”

The elephant rose hastily and hustled for the door ;
For lo ! the anguished HANSARD man had fainted
on the floor !

“ He’s overworked,” the tiger said. “ Hi ! let’s
get out of this ;

I do not like these biped folk who howl and jump
and hiss ! ”

“ The fat man makes me weary,” so the humped-
up camel cried ;

And then the thoughtful visitors arose and cleared
outside !

“ What is your verdict, gentlemen ? ” inquired the
kangaroo.

“ *Get home,*” all hands said fearfully—“ *get home
and lock the Zoo !* ”

SHELL!

Broome, the centre of the Westralian pearling industry, is booming. Shell is higher than for years past, and the market is steady. Pearls are in good demand. . . . There are now over a couple of hundred whites in the business, either as full or part owners of vessels, and as many more are engaged as shell-openers. Japs and Malays still do the monotonous work of pumping air to the men on the ocean bed.

NOR'WARD the pearlers are faring, white man and
Monkey, Malay ;

Who in Australia is earing ? Shell's quoted higher
to-day !

Shell from the sea-depths for beauty, gems for the
breast of a queen ;

SHELL that shall call us to duty—gun-muzzles
savage and lean !

Japs and Malays for the diving, doing monotony's
chores—

Who for the toiling and striving ? Bolting and
barring of doors ?

Who for the Nation Australian ? Answer ye,
Sydney and Broome ;

White man or patient-eyed alien ?—These are the
questions of Doom !

Pearls at the opera flashing, shell that the diver
hath won ;
Shell from the cannon's mouth smashing—which
shall ye value anon ?
Luggers that steer in the morning, seeking the
treasures below ;
Ships that shall vomit their scorning—which shall
ye sigh for in woe ?
Wyndham, Carnarvon and Hedland—they reek
of the Chow and the Jap ;
Ye who shall mourn for a dead land, what of the
treasures of " scrap " ?
Iron's more precious than shell is, steel than the
wonders of Broome ;
Sounded already your knell is—Hark to the pre-
sage of Doom !

White men nor'-westerly pearling, luggers a-rock
on the swell ;
Missiles in battle-wrath hurling—hail to the
Finders of Shell !
Gates of a Continent nor'ward, all of them free
and unbarred ;
Powers veering rapidly war-ward—who shall be
saviour and guard ?
Pearls for the mistress and siren, Delilahs that
render us weak ;
Jewels of steel and of iron—*these* let us hastily seek !

Battleships, armies and rifles—answer ye, Melbourne and Broome,
Why are ye busied with trifles ?—Hark to the hammers of Doom !

Broome in the Nor'land is booming, shell they are raising in tons ;
Nor'ward the cloud-wreaths are looming—what of the booming of guns ?
Pearls (and their price mounting higher) won by the Jap and Malay ;
Baubles of woman's desire—'ware lest ye heavily pay !
Shell that shall blindly shatter, ships that shall fling from the seas
Gems of the arsenal's matter—precious, how precious are these ?
Patient, how patient the Alien, toiling at Derby and Broome !
Hail to the jewels Australian !—Jewels of Folly and Doom !

I HEAR AUSTRALIA SINGING

I HEAR Australia singing—hear her voice at night
and morning ;

Have ye heard it, O my brothers, sounding clear
and glad and free ?

'Tis her singing soul that beckons to her children—
hark ! in warning,

Lo, she bids us up and labour for this white land's
liberty !

Hear her song, O far-off toilers, hear her cry for
stalwart fighters—

Men whose arms shall guard Australia when the
Asian cohorts come ;

Are ye laggards, are ye careless—up ! to arms,
ye stern-eyed smiters,

For Australia's Voice is calling and she beats her
battle-drum !

In the cane-brake, by the mine top—where the
stampers crash and thunder,

Where the anvils roar, O hear it—hear our proud
Australia's song :

“ Are ye marching with me, children ; shall the
White Man's cause go under ?

Up and guard me from the danger ; ye have tar-
ried overlong !

I have bred you in my Bushland. I have strained
you to my bosom—

Now I need your strength to save me from the
foreign legions brown ;

Launch your ships, O White Australians ! What !
—on fields of carnage gruesome

Shall my Flag at last be lowered, and the White
Man's cause go down ?

“ Children all, I call you homeward from the lands
beyond the Leeuwin—

Call you back to fight my battles and to man my
ships at sea ;

Shall the land that bred and bore you drift all help-
lessly to ruin ?—

Home ! Australians ; Home ! I need you—shall
ye turn your backs on Me ?

Sons and daughters I have nurtured, children dear
whom I have cherished,

Shall I call in vain for fighters—men to serve my
smoking guns ?

Nay, I know your hearts are loyal. Other lands
have passed and perished,

But your bones shall be my bulwark 'gainst the
grim, flotilla'd Huns !

“ Far my sons have wandered forthward—round
the world’s wide rim they’re scattered,
They are driving ships and engines from Cape York
to Ecuador ;
But their hearts will steer them homeward, lest they
see the Home-land shattered—
Lest they see their bleeding mother reel beneath
the storms of war.
At my knee they learnt to love me, and I know
they’re not forgotten—
Nay, they’ll heed the tender Mother who is calling
from the South ;
And when Asia sends her legions—when the roaring
guns are shotten,
Lo, my sons shall come and kiss me—kiss me
bravely on the mouth !

“ Nay, my children, ye are faithful ; ye shall save
your ’leaguered Mother—
Ye shall march as marched the Grecians in the
noble days of yore ;
Ye, my sons, shall gather round me, owning service
to none other,
And in vain the Ape may batter at my strong,
fast-bolted door !
Children dear, your arms around me ! Let me
feel your lips upon me—

Let me see my sons all bearded standing at their
 mother's side ;
 When the Monkey's fleets are roaring—when his
 blows are beating on me,
 Ye shall bear my shining standard—ye shall be
 my living pride ! ”

*I hear Australia singing—hear Her voice at night
 and morning ;
 Have ye heard it, too, my brothers, ringing far o'er
 land and sea ?
 'Tis Australia's soul that beckons—hark ! again in
 solemn warning
 Rolls her song athwart our country—sacred Song of
 Liberty !
 Heed her song, O strong-thewed toilers ; heed her cry
 for stalwart fighters—
 Ye must guard her, ye must save her when the Monkey
 cohorts come ;
 Are ye listening, are ye moving ? Up ! to arms, ye
 stern-eyed smiters,
 For Australia's Heart is singing and she beats her
 Battle-Drum !*

A SONG OF SHIPS

WHERE the Arctic fulmar flies—
Where the berg-heads beat the skies,
And the sealer, steering nor'ward past the ice-pack
and the floe,
Sees the mystic Northern Lights
Streaming down the Polar nights—
There the ships of Man the Master on his errands
come and go !
Where the deep Sargasso drifts,
Where the tide head sinks and lifts—
There his steamers fling their smoke-wreaths to
the scintillating stars ;
Slip their cables from the piers,
Driving down the salty years—
Driving forth around the planet under steam or
towering spars !
Dragging nations at their heel,
Floating wagons built of steel—
Hauling men and manufactures round the palpi-
tating earth ;
See ! They shuttle to and fro—
For the Master wills it so,
And his orders feed the Peoples in their day of
bitter dearth !

*Tramp-ships and battleships,
Wheat-tanks and cattleships—
Craft from all the Harbour-mouths 'twixt Trondjhem
and the Horn ;
These the Master ordereth—
Cliff and cape he bordereth,
And he hangs his steam and cinders on the altars
of the Morn !*

Timber-ships from Puget Sound,
Stately mailers Plymouth-bound—
Ships with wool and merchandise, and all that
Man hath made ;
Steaming south and west and north,
From the Bluff to Firth of Forth—
Bow down, ye silly draper-folk, and hail the gods
of Trade !
Yea, hail the engineers,
And the Master-hand that steers—
Hosanna to the Captains and the Builders and the
Crews ;
All hail unto the steel !
To the kelson and the keel,
And hail, ye mighty cylinders that drive the roaring
screws !
For the cross-head and the crank,
They are greater than the Bank—

Yea, greater far than emperor and king and crown
and queen,

And the man who shovels coal—

He is better, on the whole,

Than the pessimistic balladists who sing What-
Might-Have-Been !

Stevedores and sailor men,

Greaser-folk and whaler-men—

These, good Lord, go heftily, nor fret about their souls !

These with steam and sturdiness,

Whilst parsons rage in wordiness,

*Go back and forth incessantly betwixt their ocean-
goals !*

Whilst the legislators pose,

Swing the piston-rods and throws—

The screws in subtle harmony commune beneath
the sea ;

Yea, an under-song they sing

Of the goods they take and bring—

Of Men complete and masterful whose servants
strong they be !

Of the far Hoboken piers,

Of the swearing engineers—

Of all the careless sailor-men who take them out
and in ;

Lo, of these a song they chant—

Of the gull and cormorant,

And all the time exultantly they beat the seas and spin !

From the jungled Sundarbans
To the bridge that Brooklyn spans—
All round the world from 'Video to Hull or Hel-
singfors ;

Singing deep beneath the sea,
Can't you hear them—singing free,
While the firemen swing their shovels at the blazing
furnace-doors !

*Merchant-ships and fighting-ships,
Cable-ships and smiting ships—
German craft and Britishers, and all the world's
besides ;*

*These they sing, propelling them—
The song the screws are telling them,
Round the world and back again upon the crooning
tides !*

Have the Crozets seen them go,
Marching swiftly to and fro ?
Have the Cocos heard them beating through the
star-splashed tropic night ?

Have the seven Elder Seas
Nursed them fondly on their knees—
Nursed the ships that Man hath fashioned—featly
planned and fashioned right ?

Lo, the Harbours know them all,
Know the cargo-tanks that call—

Each hath gripped them long and lustily beside
its tarry piers ;

Had the world but singing lips,

It would chant of steam and ships—

It would sing of craft and captains, stoker-folk and
engineers !

Were the seas articulate,

Would they chaunt old songs of hate ?

Nay, their songs were of the Master and his ships of
hammered steel ;

Had the universe a voice,

Would it sing a dirge for choice ?

Nay, its song were of the Builders who had mated
shaft and keel !

Timber-ships and cattle-ships,

Old wheat-ships and battleships—

These the singing Universe would celebrate at morn !

And, I, who love them lustily,

Would weave an anthem trustily

*For all the Ships and Sailor-folk 'twixt Trondjhem
and the Horn !*

A BALLAD OF THE ROAD

I CELEBRATE the companies—the managers and
“ pros.”

Who drag around this continent their unsuccessful
shows !

The Princess and Her Majesty’s—they matter not
to me ;

I cheer the plucky managers who chase prosperity !
The men who haul their scenery around the blessed
“ smalls ” ;

Whose “ props ” are hustled endlessly in cheap,
bush-whacking halls !

A song for all the actor-men—to ease the blessed
load,

I sing in good companionship a Ballad of the Road !

The Philistines complacently go back and forth
from toil—

The sleek suburban citizens whose peaceful kettles
boil.

The shop-man and the Personage whose warehouse
in “ the Lane ”

Is stuffed with rags and fripperies for Maud and
Emma Jane !

These harmless blokes diurnally go back and forth
from town,
And carry vesper crayfish in receptacles of brown !
But up and down this continent, wherever shows
are showed,
I lift for toiling actor-folk this Ballad of the Road.

The footlights gleam at Bendigo—at Bourke and
Broken Hill
Perspiring actor-managers hang out the earnest
bill !
From Charters Towers to Hamilton, from York to
Nymagee,
The patient actor laboureth to earn his £ s. d.
The ghost that walketh fitfully for him hath fearful
charms,
Whose red, false whiskers circulate in “ Robbery
Under Arms ” !
For him and Lady Isabel—“ East Lynne ” be
dashed and blowed—
I sing this boon companion’s song, this Ballad of
the Road !

The flickergraph accursedly pervadeth all the land,
And soured and cursing companies are left upon the
strand !
The landlord fiercely clamoureth ; the hall-man
wants his rent ;

The goings of the actor-man are like the Arab's
tent !

When cash for fares (no salaries !) is falling steep
and low,

A psalm of hope and cheerfulness is needed for the
pro !

The uncomplaining actor-man deserves this special
Ode,

A rhyme full of good comradeship—a Ballad of the
Road !

By coach and rail the companies go north and south
and west ;

From Maoriland to Hughenden, to Zeehan and the
rest !

They earn their humble salaries, the actors and
their wives,

Who toil to please this continent and live grease-
painted lives !

There's Rupert Clarke and Williamson, Hugh Ward
and Oscar Asche ;

And each and all most certainly deserve to gather
cash !

But when ye sit 'midst Phillistines, where Rupert's
shows are showed,

Pray for the toiling companies—the Pros. upon
the Road !

AN IDYLL OF THE RAIL

THE train slows down at Siding-Town, and fat
“ commercials ” swear—

The soft goods kings breathe nameless things, they
tilt their hats and glare !

They cut and deal and curse with zeal—“ why
don't the wheels go round ?

Stuck here all day ! ”—The C.T.A. begins to leap
and bound !

Go softly, boys ! A fireman's joys shall not for
soft goods quail ;

Spare yet a glance at true romance—Bill's Idyll
of the Rail !

Let soft goods wait, for God is great and Bill in
dungarees

Steps down awhile for Mary's smile—she holds
the station-keys !

Let big cigars and furnace-bars their incense
lift and blend ;

Pipes ! kindly draw—this is the Law, and shall be
to the end !

A woman's eyes, soft speech and sighs—black
hair that curls and gleams

Calls unto Bill, and love may thrill a "blue"-clad
fireman's dreams !

Begrudge him not one tiny jot—no bounds to
pleasure's tale ;

This is Bill's hour of primal power—his Idyll of the
Rail ! .

The wheels shall sing when Bill, the king, goes
rolling down the grade ;

The C.T.A. shall shout "Hooray !"—the hustling
lords of Trade !

But Mary waits—the station-gates are closed once
more till Bill

With pennoned steam and eyes a-gleam comes
up the evening hill !

Just twice a day he comes her way—two trips
with steel and steam ;

In oil-stained "blues" he comes and woos—God
knows sweet Mary's dream !

He is her king—the rails shall ring, the whole glad
earth shall hail

That final day Bill takes away his Idyll of the Rail !

A SONG OF THE MILLENNIUM

WHEN the flunkeys cease from flunking, and the
crawlers crawl no more—

When the lackeys' spines grow stiffer, the millen-
nium will roar ;

It will clatter in the distance—it will thunder up
the stairs

When the fools cease genuflecting, and the snobs
leave off their airs ;

When we're free of small, cheap titles, and the
gauds are swept away,

The millennium will rattle o'er the pavement in a
dray !

When we sell our dukes and dukelings, when we
hail the Men who Work,

The Millennium will happen with an instantaneous
jerk.

But till then we wait it vainly, stretching ear and
straining eye—

The millennium still shuns us, and the Mean Things
cringe and cry !

When the wasters quit their wasting, and the boun-
ders bound no more,

The millennium will clamour like Jehannum at the
door.

When the cad becomes good-mannered, and the
“gent” becomes extinct,

Lo! the bright millennial garlands to the planets
shall be linked.

Then the “bookie” boors are banished, and the
usurers are dead,

We shall see the pink auroras dancing polkas over-
head.

When the waiter is transmuted into something
like a Man,

The millennium will caper like a show-horse in a van.

To the sound of gladsome music we shall gambol
down the years ;

But just now Utopia’s hidden, and beyond the
stars it jeers.

Aye, when brains are more than boodle our Atlantis
will arrive ;

It will ride the great sea-serpent through the city’s
teeming hive ;

When the man of genius prospers, and the poet’s
rent is paid,

The millennium will come prancing with a splendid
cavalcade !

When the virtuous may remain so, and exist in com-
fort still,

Prester John shall show his banners on the crest
of yonder hill !

When a bird may preen its plumage, undisturbed by
stone or gun,

Lo ! the gods will straightway volley gifts and
blessings by the ton !

When a flower may bloom ungathered—human
blossoms with the rest—

Then the glow of unknown glories shall light up
the spacious West !

When a woman's fame is sacred in the eyes of every
man,

The Chimera will confront us, striped with blue
and black and tan !

When the wanton world remembers that sweet
Love should rule supreme,

We shall get the final bearings of Alnaschar's
precious dream !

When we help a sister upward, and prevent her
sinking down,

Nick will slam the gates of Tophet with a melan-
choly frown.

When our love of Right is real, and we're bogus
saints no more,

We shall see the Flying Dutchman as we stand upon
the shore !

When the things I've named have happened, the
millennium will whizz :

But it's not in sight at present, and I don't know
where it is !

THE OLD "BLUES"

THERE'S an Army unhymned and unheeded—no
trumpets its glories proclaim ;
It has conquered, has fought and succeeded, but it
knows not the garlands of fame !
'Tis an Army that marches undaunted with a
courage thrice-splendid and true :
And its banners defiant are flaunted—smoke-pen-
nons from boiler and flue !
'Tis an Army of stokers and drivers, of toilers with
resolute hands ;
For the Foot-plate Brigade are the strivers who
fashion new nations and lands !
They are heroes unhailed and uncared for—since
none lifteth anthem for these,
Lo, a psalm of good cheer is prepared for the Army
in Blue Dungarees !

Old " blues " ! with the slide-valve and spanner,
with the rhythmical thunder of wheels ;
With the smoke-jet and steam for your banner, ye
are treading on Destiny's heels !
Ye have marched in your grease and your glory—
ye are marching in splendour to-day

Where the steam-startled scream of the lory trails
Bushward proclaiming your sway !

Ye are Captains and Leaders reliant—by the
thunder of wheels on the grade ;

By the blast of shrill warnings defiant, hear the
tramp of the Foot-plate Brigade !

'Tis the tramp of an Army titanic—attention ! ye
peoples at ease ;

Hats off to the sweat-stained Mechanic, to the Army
in Blue Dungarees !

There are armies of carnage and plunder—all honour
and glory is theirs ;

When the guns spit their venom and thunder,
then the bards grip their pens in their
lairs !

There are legions unleashed like a terror—for these
are the laurels and praise ;

Will this world from its madness and error never
win in these ultimate days ?

Shall the earth never wake to the splendour of
Armies unspattered with gore ;

To the worth of these legions who render loyal ser-
vice where steam-pennons soar ?

Lift a cheer for the ranks of the loyal, for our sol-
diers and ships on the seas ;

But remember this legion right-royal—'Tis the
Army in Blue Dungarees !

'They are serving Australia with iron, they are
fighting with weapons of steel ;
But each blast of the steam-jetting syren is a psalm
for this land's common weal !
'They are stretching Australia's dominion, winning
empire with coal-smoke and steam ;
Yea, no vulture with death-flapping pinion seeks
the fields where their fires flash and gleam !
'They are binding the nation together, joining shore
unto far-distant shore ;
'They are tying this land with a tether inter-traced
with no blood-stains of war !
'They are fighting a conflict unending—hail the
Kings on their thrones if ye please—
But I'd fashion One Psalm tribute-blending for our
Army in Blue Dungarees !

BATTLE HYMN OF THE NEW AUSTRALIA

SAIL on, O mighty Land—ship of Democracy,
All-precious is thy freight, 'tis not the Present
only ;
Mankind is marching on—its best shall march with
thee
When hoary lands and old at last have fallen
pronely !
Strange seas thou hast to keel, beneath the gleaming
stars
Thy sons shall bravely steer o'er stormy deeps
uncharted ;
Across the pathless years, with skyward reaching
spars,
Thy children strong shall thrust—thy sons all
Titan-hearted !
The dark typhoon shall rage, the lurid clouds of war
Up from the glooming East shall drive, O land,
o'erwhelming ;
But we shall bring thee through, shall bring thee
to the shore,
We are thy faithful sons—our hands shall do
the helming !
Come stormy days or fine, come raging iron hail,

196 BATTLE HYMN OF NEW AUSTRALIA

Thy sons shall man the yards—shall swing thee
thro' the surges ;
All ocean's winds may blow, and wild may come
the gale—
Thy Flag serene shall fly whilst our red blood
swift urges !

Not for thyself alone—for victories to come,
For liberty of law, for truth, O land, and
justice ;
Thy guns for these shall boom—we'll beat Aus-
tralia's drum
When piled on Europe's head the ages' silent
dust is !
Thine is the White Man's Cause, for him thy battle-
flag—
O standard splashed with stars, I-see it floating
bravely ;
The shot may pierce its folds, may tear that flaunt-
ing rag—
Our song shall thunder still, our anthem pealing
gravely !
Song of the noble land—Australia shining new,
Voice of the flashing sea, of mountain-head and
valley ;
O land of toilers stern, of children brave and true,
When its majestic chords sweep forth our
hearts shall rally !

BATTLE HYMN OF NEW AUSTRALIA 197

When with our smoking guns we face Australia's
foe,

Thy voice our hearts shall stir—O voice all pure
and tender ;

We'll hail our sacred land the day we doomward
go—

Our own Australian Home, our land of death-
less splendour !

Thy sacerdotal bards, thy cannoneers of song,

Their hymns shall raise of thee, O continent of
glories ;

Thy message they shall breathe—thy message brave
and strong,

I hear thy spirit's voice where each sea-ham-
mered shore is !

Thy psalm of destiny, glad chant of coming
days—

I hear it in each wave on thy cliff-bases falling ;

It thunders in the storm—yea, round thy capes and
bays,

Australia's battle-hymn—thy voice, O mother,
calling !

O lustrous land and dear, land of the larger creed—

Land of the vision new, hear'st thou thy children
hailing ?

They stand erect and strong, they are thy stalwart
breed—

198 BATTLE HYMN OF NEW AUSTRALIA

With thee they bravely go, O ship-soul proudly
sailing !

We are thy lovers all—be guarded with our steel,
Our blood we proffer thee, our strength and
heart's devotion ;

This is our common prayer : God save the Common-
weal—

From each true heart it swings like some star-
surging ocean !

THE NIGHT THE LINER DIED

“The White Star liner *Republic*, 15,378 tons, with 761 persons on board, and carrying a cargo of supplies for the United States battleship fleet, in the Mediterranean on its way home from Australia, collided in a dense fog, off Nantucket Island, with the Italian steamer *Florida*, carrying 800 immigrants to the United States. In response to ethergrams from the *Republic*, the White Star liner *Baltic*, 23,876 tons, arrived on the scene and attempted to tow the *Republic* to port. The *Republic* foundered, however, after all hands had been removed to the *Baltic*. A striking feature of the disaster was the bravery of John Binns, Marconi operator on the *Republic*, who stuck to his post and translated messages soliciting help from other steamers. His position was one of great danger, as the roof and sides of the deck-house, in which the ethergrapher was installed, threatened to fall at any moment. The Marconi operator on the *Baltic* also stuck to his post continuously for forty-eight hours, sending cheering messages to those on the *Republic* and communicating with the shore for assistance.”

THE White Fleet homeward steaming—the Fleet
we welcomed here ;

Wet-bowed, the White Armada plugged round the
salty sphere.

The Suez Ditch behind them, they took their west-
ward way,

What time the swift *Republic* nosed eastward
through the spray.

With food and stores deep-laden, the White Star
liner drave—

She took her way that Saturday to her deep ocean-
grave !

The Nantuck light saw dimly the men who'd heard
the Drum—

The great White Land that hailed them, the Drum
that thundered " Come ! "

The *Florida* from Naples, fair Naples by the sea—
She bore her living cargo to Port Prosperity !

With steerage overflowing, with decks and berths
a-jam ;

From Naples Bay she took her way with Men for
Uncle Sam !

With engine-rooms a-thunder, the Feeders east
and west,

Their deep sea-ways steamed earnestly upon their
Nation's quest.

Up from the broad Atlantic the fog came drifting
low—

Dread fogs the whaling-skippers from Martha's
Vineyard know !

Long Island's lights were hidden, New York fog-
shrouded lay

The night they struck—the night of pluck outside
Manhattan Bay !

The *Florida* came crashing—the liner in her pride
Sent up her groan to heaven that night she bravely
died :

She reeled—the great *Republic*, beneath the bitter
blow ;

With plates a-burst, the liner went sobbing in her
woe.

The White Armada waiting for needed food and
stores—

She staggered slow beneath the blow by dim Man-
hattan's shores !

She died—the brave *Republic*, but ere she went
below

The swift Marconi message sped from the dynamo !
With dot-and-dash vibrating, with shoreward-
racing “ waves ”

She brought the mighty *Baltic* to save them from
their graves !

The patient hand of Science—it plays for keeps and
wins ;

We hail him most who kept his post—the hero,
Wireman Binns !

From ship to ship they whispered, thro' fog and
sleet and rain—

The man upon the *Baltic* and Binns, the hero
plain !

Induction coils swift-flashing, "coherers" talking
low—

They spoke the words of courage that night of sudden
woe.

The armatures vibrating, the Morse tick-tacking
through,

Each message met—from mast-head-net they
caught each whisper true!

Now round the world their story goes flashing
'neath the sea—

How Science fought and conquered—aye, saved
humanity!

The White Fleet homeward steaming, it learnt
how in the gale

The great *Republic* foundered, with food and stores
and mail!

It cheered John Binns, the hero—the White Star
blazed in pride—

Against the sky it flamed on high the Night the
liner Died!

BUENOS AYRES

I WANT to talk of Bunniz—
Its girls with jewelled arms,
Fairer than star or sun is ;—
Ah, dusky Creole charms !
The girls 'longside the Plata
Are girls of shinin' gold :
I've kept one scented garter
These ten years, so's the mould
O' their fair limbs shan't ever
Fade out of my old eyes.
O, Bunniz girls, I'd never
Swap you for Paradise !

With stoker-men a-graftin'
I went yon southward way ;
Our cross-heads an' the shaftin'
Forever seemed to say :
“ O Bunniz ! wait for Bunniz,
Its bosoms and its wine—
There is no land where fun is
To lick the Argentine ! ”
I waited for you, city,
Beneath the spear-marked stars—
O Bunniz girls, the pity
I left your sweet guitars !

'Twas wool we went a-seekin',
From Boston-town that year;
Our souls hung dry and creakin'
For woman's lips and beer!
The inner "roads" lapped quiet
Against our plates o' brown—
O loves of Hell!—the riot
We made in Bunniz-town!
I hear the soft mandolines
Still twangin' in my brain,
Across the sea's red bowlines
I see them girls again!

Wool—wool we struck in plenty,
In Constitucion mart—
With rich aguardiente
To warm each seaman's heart.
And Bunniz opera dancers,
I seem to see you still;
Like squads of joyous lancers
You charge my breast at will!
O Colon maids a-toein'—
Somehow, I see you yet,
Your bosoms round and glowin'
Like fields of violet!

O Bunniz breasts, I'm dreamin'
Of you this blessed day;

O lips of fire, I'm schemin'
To wing me back your way.
I see your bright eyes flashin'—
The old cabildo where
They fined me stiff for mashin'
Some Dagoes with a chair !
O, broadly-flowin' Plata,
Perhaps I'll come ere long
To steal one more round garter,
And hear one more sweet song !

O, Bunniz girls, I'm dreamin'
Of *you* right here and now ;
Oh, Dark Eyes, watch the seamen,
I'll join them yet, I vow !
And swingin' by 'Donado
Some day or night I'll go—
I'll drive the screws of Trade-O
Past Montevideo !
With triple screws a-batter,
Around the headlands brown,
With engines all a-clatter,
I'll hew the tall leagues down !

TRIBUTE

ONE greater than a king
Hath from the world been taken.

A mighty soul takes wing,
A country lies forsaken,
A voice is heard in weeping
And bitter lamentation,

The Isles a vigil keeping
For their grief-stricken nation.

A mighty voice is still,
We hear no more in thunder
That resolute "I will"
Which cleaved the foes asunder.

A stalwart prince of men,
High planets may he tread on;
A noble citizen—
We loved thee, Richard Seddon.

No struggle and no pain—
Thy very death was royal;
Unto the people plain
Thou wert for ever loyal.

A wreath of laurel leaves
Thy brow doth deck with glory.
Each heart's a loom that weaves
Thee in thy country's story;

It showeth clear and far
 In blaze of triple splendour,
 Thy great and steadfast star—
 The nation's strong defender.
 The people's chosen chief,
 Strong-purposed and reliant,
 Australia bows in grief
 Beside the Fallen Giant.

THE SWEATER'S DREAM

THE Sweater slept, and—in the hours when all the world lies calm and still—

He dreamed high Heaven's vasty powers were trained to do his sweaty will.

He saw a famished, seething horde beat at his sweat-shop's bolted gates—

The walls were beetling cliffs that shored a stormy sea of griefs and hates ;

The daughter cursed the mother there—the father fought the starving son—

Their eyes flashed forth the savage glare of beasts whose food has long been done.

The Sweater smiled and laughed aloud—his fingers grasped the counterpane

As tho' it were pale Abel's shroud gripped by a glad, exultant Cain !

“ At last,” he laughed ; “ at last I see the cringing helots brought to heel ;

Tamed by the lash of misery, they prate no more of commonweal.

I am their Master, and their lives are mine to shatter as I will ;

Sons, daughters, fathers, mothers, wives—all mine to grind in Hunger's mill,

I hold the Reins of Government—Aha, I'll hold
them evermore—
Behold my hapless paupers pent like brutes within
the abattoir.
How just is God. He gives to me dominion o'er
the human kine,
And dooms their pale posterity to work for Me and
Mine."

The Sweater's laugh rang out again, for lo, within
his happy dream
He saw an oozing yellow stain—he saw the hosts
of Asia teem.
They pressed behind the pauper tide in ochre-
tinted, swollen seas—
"Now praise the Lord," the Sweater cried, "For
heavenly boons so great as these.
His gifts are good, tho' sinners scoff—His ways are
ever kind to Me ;
In these fresh forms behold the profits of my Chris-
tian piety.
The Lord repays with his complex, safe system of
Divine Finance—
Right handsomely He draws His cheques upon the
Bank of Circumstance."

Across the Sweater's dreaming brain Greed's plun-
derous pageant swiftly ran ;

He saw himself in proud disdain perched on a pyramid of Man.

Around its base the paupers heaved, and strove to raise the ghastly pile

Whose bulk with human bones was weaved, and mortared well with priestly guile.

"Toil on ye slaves," the Sweater cried, "and lift the white skull-courses high,

That I at last may sit in pride—enthroned with God above the sky.

Ye are your own materials—lay ye your hapless bones right well,

That God, within His heavenly halls, may never guess I rise from Hell."

THE GIRL WHO CAME BETWEEN

I HATE her with a blood-red, endless hate—
My curse pursues her o'er the stretching years ;
Were I the lord of Heaven's Jasper Gate,
I'd hurl her down among the shattered spheres !
I'd thrust her back into the Pit of Space,
For all her breast of snow and hair's golden sheen ;
Harsh-eyed, I'd spurn her lovely, shining face,
And mock her prayers and all her witching grace.

Her grey despair would touch no tender chord
Within my grim and hard, vindictive heart ;
Came she to Hell, and I were Tophet's lord,
No gate would ope for her—no doors would part !
“ Go back and rot amid the ash of stars,”
I'd cry to her, with unrelenting mien ;
I'd drive her back from Hell's own savage bars,
To grope through space with pains and wounds and
scars.

What is the secret of my bitter hate ?—
A hate that lives for all Eternity ;
Why may I not forgive ? I had a Mate
Long years ago this siren stole from me !

There were no other Mates on earth like him—
No other man like him had ever been.
'Gainst her my wrath I treasure, fierce and grim,
Because she made my life all lone and dim.

We wandered forth through all the world, we two
We toiled on many seas and in far lands ;
The mountain crest and gleaming axe we knew—
We ventured side by side through desert sands.
He nursed me when the mangrove's sickly breath
Left me all helpless, weak and grey and lean ;
We swore to stand together unto death,
Until she came, with Love's damned shibboleth.

O Viking-faced companion, brave and stern—
O thief with shining eyes and passion's mouth ;
She took my Mate, and now no planets burn—
The world's a dreary waste from north to south !
Hate her ? When through the lonely years I
tread—

Aye, her, who caught him in Love's cursèd skein ;
Hate her ? who tore the stars from overhead—
Aye, hate and curse her when she's stark and dead.

I hate all women—star-eyed thieves, they come
To steal our mates and leave us desolate ;
To leave men lonely, silent, sad and numb,
Until their hearts fill up with savage hate.

I hate Her most, because with lips and eyes
She made Him hail her his eternal queen ;
Because she came in passion's fair disguise
To capture him with looks and tender lies.

I hate her with a blood-red, endless hate—
My curse pursues her o'er the stretching years ;
Were I the lord of Heaven's Jasper Gate,
I'd hurl her down among the shattered spheres !
I'd thrust her back—forth from this dwelling-place,
For all her breast of snow and hair's gold sheen ;
Harsh-eyed, I'd spurn her lovely shining face—
Aye, fling her backward into ghastly Space !

TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAYS

HE may be a simple *moujik*, quite inferior to
Us,
He may be a hairy Cossack, with a beard to stuff
a 'bus—
But, when carefully considered, there are points
about the Russ,
And we haven't any reason to expand our chests
with pride ;
For he took the spade and hammer, and theodolite
and drill,
And he punched the steppes of Asia—punched his
Road along until
Vladivostock heard his engines rolling Gatewards,
whistling shrill,
And Port Arthur saw his locos.—where the Bear
went down and died !
Where the Irtish hastens seaward, where the Tobol
nor'ward flows—
Where the ice lies white on Baikal, 'neath Siberia's
winter snows,
There the Builders pushed their Roadway, and the
White Man fought his foes—
Are ye building as he builded ? *Nay, your Gates
are open wide !*

Hear the songs the White Man chanted—battle
hymns his soldiers sang,

As his armies hastened forward—hear the cannon
roar and clang,

Lo, the blood of shattered heroes soaks the fields
of Liao-Yang,

And the dead to-day are sleeping on the Road
from Tsitsihar ;

There are bones that bleach and whiten where the
Bear put up his fight—

There are Russian children crying for their fathers
in the night,

There's a Flag that's torn and humbled—do ye
understand it right ?

Are ye Building, are ye toiling, driving on with
spade and bar ?

For the Russ, he did his darnedest in the few Pre-
paring Years—

Yea, he bridged the foaming Shilka with his steel
and engineers,

But to-day the Bear is Gate-less, and the Monkey
grins and leers—

Have ye barred Australia's Gateway ? *See !
the portal stands ajar !*

Far away the Bear is toiling—he is slowly “mak-
ing good,”

He is grafting, he is marching as the White Man
surely should—

He is tramping towards the ocean 'neath his distant
engine-hood,

Making ready, sure and ready for the conflict
yet to be ;

He's a plodder, he's a sticker—stuck until Port
Arthur fell,

Beaten down with fists of iron, beaten down with
shot and shell—

He is working, he is waiting, then he'll ring his
engine-bell—

Then he'll roll his armies eastward to his Gate-
way by the sea !

Eighty millions spent a-building—still the Russ is
spending more.

“ Shall the Monkey hold my portal ? I will win
me back my Door ”—

Says the Russian as he labours, as he plods by Dolo-
Nor,

Are ye plodding also seaward ? *Bah ! your Gate
is wide and free !*

Lo, the Bear was White and willing, but the foemen
got him down—

'Twas St. Petersburg that beat him, not the Monkey
legions brown,

'Twas the crowd of slothful bosses far away in
PETER'S TOWN—

Fighting PETER, he who laboured where the
Deutscher's shipyards are ;

He whose fist propelled the hammer and the axe
and plane and saw—

He who left the pomps of Moscow, so that he with
earnest paw

Might instruct his Russian people, building ships
and framing law,

He whose days were days of vigour—cheers for
Russia's Fighting Czar !

But the bones of PETE the Builder lie beside the
Neva's stream,

And the man who holds his billet wanders sadly
in a dream—

So to-day the Monkey's locos. lift their warning
toot and scream,

On the Bear-constructed Railway up in old
Manchuria !

There's a Road that waits unfinished—well ye
know the Road I mean,

'Tis the Road from Port Augusta—there's a con-
tinent to glean,

Time that ye were pushing nor'ward towards the
Gateway's ocean-sheen—

Time that steel and steam were urging towards
the Arafura side ;
There's a Track that needs preparing—One that
leads by Alice Springs.
Are ye bossed and chained and shackled that no
hammer skyward swings ?
That the Track is but a pathway where the “ wire ”
vibrates and sings—
Shall they write upon your tombstone : “ Here
a White Australia died ? ”
Lest the plain and simple *moujik* prove superior
to Us,
Let us Build our Road and yakker—let us push
Australia's bus.
For the question rises bluntly : *Though we scorn
the distant Russ,*
*Have we tuppence worth of reason to inflate our
chests with pride !*

BLACK MARIA

I SAT in Black Maria, and four men sat with
me ;

They bore upon their features the brand of
misery !

Their eyes were dull and hopeless—that strange,
sad air they had

Of creatures who acknowledge the fact that they
are bad.

What time we trotted forward, the State's unwilling
guests,

The chins of all were sunken upon their flattened
breasts.

And there was brooding sorrow within that shut-
tered car

Which bore us forth to Justice at Law's spike
garnished bar !

“ Good brothers, why be cheerless ? ” the present
writer said ;

“ Be not bowed down with trouble—a better day's
ahead ! ”

Their hopeless eyes were lifted, they mutely stared
at me

While I expounded to them my rough philosophy.

“What though in Black Maria we chance this
day to sit ?

Let us have strength and courage—let’s show the
proper grit !

The deeds we did were trifles—why should we
snivel now ? ”

One brother answered, sadly : “Dunno—I stole a
cow ! ”

Again his chin sank forward upon his joyless
breast ;

Poor putty-hearted mortal, found base by trouble’s
test !

But lo ! In accents bitter another rider spoke ;
Said he : “Are you a parson, or some Salvarmy
bloke ? ”

“Nor one nor yet the other,” I answered unto
him ;

“A plain, unvarnished sinner am I in every limb.
But though in Black Maria, my spirits still keep
up ”—

“Rye-buck ! ” said he ; and mentioned his fancy
for the Cup.

’Twas strange how sport affected the other gloomy
pair ;

One joined the cheerful faction, one wept in sheer
despair,

I spake unto the weepist. "Why should you mourn?" I said;

He sobbed in bitter sorrow, "I wish that I were dead!"

"Why so?" I asked in pity—the tears ran down his face;

"Because," he answered sadly, "because of this disgrace."

"What have you done?" I queried; his woe was evident.

He sobbed and clutched his whiskers "Church-funds embezzlement!"

"Bear up, then, like a Christian," I strongly counselled him;

But still his chest kept heaving, and still his eyes were dim.

The cow-thief, too, was sobbing, clutched by the same remorse;

The other pair were talking of Cricket and of Horse.

"'Twas ever thus," I muttered, "the optimists prevail;

For here be five who travel within a four-wheeled gaol,

Yet three withal are cheerful, and only two are sad—

There is a world in little in this go-cart of the Bad!"

I sat in "Black Maria," and four men sat with
me ;

Two bore yet on their faces the brand of misery !
Their eyes were dull and hopeless—that strange,
sad air they had

Of creatures who acknowledge the fact that they
are bad.

What time we trotted forward, the State's un-
willing guests,

The chins of three were lifted from off their hope-
ful breasts.

And there were mingled feelings within that shut-
tered car,

Which bore us five to Justice at Law's spike-
garnished bar !

THE STRENGTH TO BE

I HEARD the march of a Nation's feet as Australia's
pride went by,
And my heart was thrilled with a stronger beat,
and a glad tear dimmed each eye ;
For this was the dream of my younger days, my
vision of strength to be,
And my soul-chords sang like a harp of praise, with
an anthem brave and free !
As the Young Guard passed with a martial tread,
that challenged the base and mean,
I cried "All Hail !" and I bared my head to
Australia's war machine.
And it seemed to me that the Nation's soul rang
forth in a major key—
"We have turned our face to a nobler goal ; we
are marching, God, with Thee !"
Then planet and star and the farthest sun blazed
out in an echoing hymn—
"Ye have turned your backs on the creeds fore-
done, and the crutch-faithed gospels dim !
Ye have raised the flag of a nation just—ye have
spurned with a strong man's heel
This niddering crew with its feckless trust ! Ye
have girded tempered steel !

Now this is the law of the ages all, that life for a
land begins

When it grasps the steel at the danger call and turns
from its faithless sins !

And this is the law of our Captain, God, that only
the strong shall thrive—

In the days when the bolts are lightning-shod, ye
shall save your land alive ! ”

Then the Nation’s voice, in a stronger key, pealed
forth to the farthest star—

“ We have turned our face to our destiny from the
racecourse revel far !

We have gripped our Steel with a Strong Man’s
trust in the work that is ours to do—

We have grasped our Task as a nation must, for
the girding years be few.

We have wasted years of our grasping-time—with
fingers slackened and slow,

We have toyed with life and its tasks sublime—hark
now how the bugles blow !

For this is the proof of our stronger zeal, and trebled
the proof shall be

When our shipyards clamour with turret and keel,
and the rail joins sea with sea ! ”

From planet and star and the farthest sun came
echoing forth “ All hail !

And ye are the kith of the breed once spun from
each English shire and dale !

Yea, ye are the kin of the pauper breed that whines
at the name of steel.

Whilst our kinsmen cringe in the hour of need, ye
are arming the Commonweal !

Lo, this is the law of the ages all, that the seed such
Empires sow

Is reaped in tears when the bugles call and the
brazen trumpets blow !

Yea, that is the law of our Captain, God—that
only the Strong Lands thrive,

And only the weak shall kiss the rod and bow
'neath fetter and gyve ! ”

I heard the drums of Australia beat. As they
echo around this sphere ;

I would weave a psalm of my faith complete that
our crutch-faithed kin may hear !

I would hail my dream of the Younger Days, ere
the Prodigal's course was run,

Ere this land had turned from its husk-strewn
ways (I, too, was a Prodigal Son !)

Shall the Young Guard pass with its martial tread,
that challenges all things mean ?—

Shall England hearken ?—her faith is dead, and
vain is her war-machine !

Has she turned her back on the noblest goal ?

Is she marching, God, with Thee ?

I only know that my Nation's Soul is endowed with
Thy Strength to Be !

THE GIRLS OF THE MORNING

WE have sung our songs of the Girls of Night—
The belles of the blazing bar ;
Let us sing how bright, how pure and white
The Girls of the Morning are !
Let the hansom swirl with its midnight girl—
Leave the dude with his wine-flushed dove ;
For the girls of noon are a gracious boon,
And they are the best to love !

Aye, the Girls of the Morning shine like stars
Hung out in a cloudless sky ;
Leave the scented bars and the stale cigars—
For the Girls of the Morn go by !
Lo, the full red lip, like a carmine strip
Laid light on a field of cream ;
The eyes that flash, and the skirts that plash
Like the waves of a wanton stream !

They are lithe and tall, and are straight withal,
Like the stems of the soaring trees ;
'Tis a splendid fate that would haply mate
All men with girls like these !

And a warm, rich life—if each man's wife
Had the grace of the waving corn—
If each, like wheat, curved soft and sweet,
Like the Blessed Girls of Morn !

Lo, their voices thrill with a deep, rich trill,
Most gentle and debonnair ;
Each breast is a throne for a King to own—
And bronze are their wastes of hair.
We have sung too much of the Girls of Night—
The belles of the blazing bar ;
Let us sing how bright—how pure and white—
The Girls of the Morning are !

“ANOTHER FALL OF EARTH”

“Another heavy fall of earth occurred yesterday in the western cross-cut of the Golden Cat Proprietary Mine, killing three men who were stopping there.”—
Mining fatality item from any issue of the daily paper.

Just another fall of earth—
Nothing to disturb the mirth
Of cheerful speculators lolling in their spacious
 chairs ;
Just a ton or two of dirt,
Just another few men hurt—
Just another corpse-battalion rolling down Gehenna's stairs !
Naught to cause the least alarm,
No directors came to harm,
 They possess a special charm—
They are never standing under when the rock falls
 unawares !

Just another accident—
Merely two or three souls sent
Down the track that leads past chaos to the tailing-
 dumps of Hell—
Where the mighty roaring stamps,
As they thunder on their ramps,

Pound the hearts of fat shareholders and director-
men as well !

Just another fall of earth—

Caused by cursed timber-dearth,

Really nothing that 'tis worth

While to mention unto Divès as he dines at his
hotel !

SILK CRACKER DAYS

I dreamt last night they were back again—those
silk-lashed days of yore,

Ere the rush and clang of the steaming train had
drowned the ox-whips' roar.

I dreamt that the year was '79, and I heard the
silk-tailed goads

Make the necks bend low and the great wheels
whine as they drove the old bush roads !

Aye, I heard the curses ringing loud, and the gleam-
ing days were back—

Ere the olden teamsmen's heads had bowed or the
whips had ceased to crack !

“Whoa-way-back, Star !” I heard afar ring
out with a red refrain,

And I yelled with joy, for I was a boy,
And the days were back again !

The teams were back on the roads once more, and
the hours were gay and glad—

When the days were warm and splashed with gore,
and the nights were bright and bad !

For the teams were camped in a 'paulined row, and
the red gin cases showed

“J.D.K.Z.” in the fire's warm glow by the side of
the oath-worn road !

For the loads were on, but the yokes laid by, while
the oxen chewed their cud.

Ho the world was high and the world was dry, if
its speech was starred with blood !

Blink-blank ! Blank ! Blank !

How the swears did clank ! How the curses
sounded shrill,

As they soared from the lips, 'twixt the cracks
of whips, of the frenzied James and Bill !

And at early dawn by the ringing track, lo ! the
bows and pole-pins clanged,

When up from bed of rug and sack rose the old
man and slang-whanged !

They are yoking up ! a score of teams, and of men
with shirt-backs torn,

That blow like pennons in my dreams wherein the
past's re-born !

Red-shirted men, with hairy throats, and their
lungs of tempered steel,

Oh, their blazing, fierce, blaspheming notes made
the " polers " reach and reel !

Damn ! Damn !! Damn !!! Damn !!!!

Oh, I saw them ram the leaders' quiv'ring
necks,

In the silk-bound days when bullock drays bore
the world upon their decks !

From Portland Town, ho, I saw them steer, ere a
railway line was built,
When men sinned sins with a wanton cheer and
the wayside rum was spilt !
Oh, for the days when to North and West the
waggon-ships sailed free,
And tacked and veered at the shrill behest of the
whip-lash musketry !
Sing hey for the “ wire ” by the thousand coil, as
they bore it out to fence,
The sea-like plains and mark the soil with a proud,
new insolence !

Silk Cracker Days !—through the steaming haze
do I see them drive the teams—

The men whose lips and roaring whips make
thunder in my dreams !

Silk Cracker Days ?—they are dead and gone !—
long crumbled into dust

Are waggon-wheels and hearts that won the
present breed its crust !

Silk Cracker Days !!—the roaring whips are silent
now, and dumb

The scarlet, stinging, goading strips and cattle
have become !

The Days are Gone !—the coaly train has seized
on all the land,

Whereon the teams in cracking days went cursing
through the sand !

Yet still afar : “ Whoa-way-back, Star ! ” I
hear ring out a-main ;

And, like a boy, I jump with joy—The Days are
Back Again !

“ROLLING HER HOME”

CLAWING the miles with her space-spurning pistons,
Shaking the earth with tyrannical tread ;
Sinking her fangs in the heart of the distance—
Sleepers a-jump in the “ permanent ” bed !
Stars glowing red in the zenith above her,
Towns lying dim in the distance behind ;
Heeding the voice of the captains who love her—
Thinking herself with a logical mind !

*Urging her, surging her, making her rattle,
Punching the gradients straight in the eye ;
Cohorts of cars rushing forward to battle—
Trail of our smoke hanging over the sky !
Grabbing her, jabbing her, making her hustle,
Roaring through cuttings with steep sides
of chrome ;
Steam hurtling strength through each shining
muscle,
Lo ! we go thundering—Rolling Her Home !*

Firebars half-molten and coal swinging doorward,
Fishplates complaining to quivering rails ;
Rushing her, pushing her, hurling her forward—
Flogging the earth with her merciless flails !

Freight at the back of us—every man Jack of us
Gripping her close with a lover's regard ;
Lo ! the mechanic now thunders Titanic now,
And all the high heavens wax wondrously starred !

*Aiming her, flaming her : while the stars
gleam at us,
Bringing her up to the crest of each hill ;
Slinging her down with a roaring, red impetus—
Ramming her, jamming her, cramming her
still !
Goading her, loading her, making her shiver,
Notching her up till she shakes her steam-
dome ;
Flying grey bridges o'er valley and river,
Lo ! we go clamouring—Rolling Her Home !*

Back to the hives again—home to our wives again—
Ho ! the blue shirts in the railway-man's yard ;
Back to the coast again, proving our boast again—
Running our trip by the literal card !
On time to the second, and bearings all rhythmical,
Chanting a rune in their rolling delight ;
Spectres may beckon, and Satan's own kith may
call—
Triumphant we flash through the thicket of
night !

Lashing her, crashing her ; footplates a-clatter—

*Cranks swinging forward in maniac haste ;
Leaving the darkness and silence a-shatter—*

*The former in twain and the latter effaced !
Gigantic and frantic, she sways in her agony,
Her cars all a-beat like a vast metronome :
Driving her on in her mighty protagony,
Lo ! we go gallantly—Rolling Her Home !*

Greasy old “ blues ” hanging limply upon us,
Faces embellished with coal-dust and sweat ;
With lip-curles and sneerings the swell-folk may con-
us,

But we hold dominion o’er all the world yet !
Majestic we march on the footplates in glory,
Our sceptre the age-gripping Westinghouse
brake ;
And where is the song, the romance, and the story
To better the song that we leave in our wake ?

*Flinging her, swinging her—hark ! how she
thunders !—*

*Tearing exultantly down the long grade ;
Machine-god incarnate, and chiefest of won-
ders*

*That man with his brain and his muscle
hath made !*

*Lifting her, shifting her—lo ! we go roaring—
Embankment a-quiver through gravel and
loam ;*

*Controlling her, rolling her, sending her soaring,
Spurning space, churning space—Rolling
Her Home !*

WHEN A FELLOW DOES HIS
DAMNEDEST

I HEARD a Voice all-potent, singing deep within my
soul—

“Be a Strong Man, be a Smiter—keep thy Man-
hood sure and whole !

I have gathered up the splendour of the earth and
sea and sky,

And to thee I give the glory when the proud storm
pennons fly !

Be thou worthy of the kingdom—thou who sittest
on this throne,

Be a Fighter strong and valiant, not a weakling
slack and prone !

Be a Captain, be a Leader—lo, when Wisdom’s door
unbars,

Thou shalt climb with Me triumphant up the stair-
case of the stars !”

I heard Jehovah singing in a proud, exultant
key—

“When a Fellow Does His Damnedest, it is
homage unto Me !

For I am a God of Battle, not a Lord of humble
tears ;

Dear to Me the scabbard's rattle and the thrust of
stubborn spears !

Who are these that vainly murmur, with a sad and
strengthless moan ?

Who are these that weep and falter, while the
Strong Man Goes Alone ?

For My heart is towards the Smiters, towards the
Leaders in the van—

Be a King, Oh ! be a Master, be a Soldier and a
Man ! ”

I heard the Voice puissant rolling like a trumpet-
call—

“ Beat the steel and bend the iron—be a Captain
over all !

Be a Builder, be a Maker—where the savage lolls
at ease,

Hidden strength beneath the breaker lifts the isle
'midst tropic seas !

'Tis the Insect Climbing Upward from the bed of
ocean slime—

Climbing Lightward, climbing starward, through
the years of Silent Time !

When a Creature Does Its Damnedest anthems
peal beyond the stars,

For the strength that Lifts and Labours breaks the
spirit's prison-bars ! ”

I heard the God-Head singing, and the Message
from the Throne
Stirred my soul with strength puissant when the
Seed of Faith was sown !
“ Be a Soldier of the Legion, be a Captain if you
can ”—
Rang the anthem trumpet-pealing : “ Be a Smiter,
be a Man !
Be a Climber, groping upwards from the gulfs and
from the slime—
Do thy Damnedest, do it ever and thy soul shall
conquer Time !
For the atoll is an altar raised from far depths of
the sea—
I am God, I love the Fighters and the Strong Souls
Serving Me ! ”

*Who has heard the Voice Triumphant, ringing bell-
like in his soul ?—
Chanting proudly, “ Be a Lifter, be a Strong Man
sure and whole ! ”
He has gathered up the splendour of the sky and
earth and sea,
Who has heard Jehovah singing as the God-Head sings
to me !
He is worthy of the glory, of the Kingdom and the
Throne,*

242 A FELLOW DOES HIS DAMNEDEST

*Who is strong, and battle-visaged—not a weakling
slack and prone!*

*He is Captain, he is Leader—do your Damnedest ere
you go ;*

*God who hails the Fighting Insect Hails the Strong
Man's Hammer-Blow!*

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